GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Booksellers of our City of *London*, have by their Petition humbly represented unto Us, that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late Doctor ISAAC WATTS, and that they are now printing and preparing for the Press, new Editions with Improvements of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts*. They have therefore most humbly prayed Us, that We would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof; or printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of our City of *London*, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

By His Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

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By His Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

Thos Julians Pew No 9

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And applied to the

Christian State and Worship.

By *I. WATTS*, D. D.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets.*
Ver. 40.—*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

LONDON:
Printed for J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Buckland, T. Longman, T. Field, E. and C. Dilly, and W. Goldsmith.
M DCC LXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READERS,

On the following HEADS.

Of the different EDITIONS of this BOOK.

THE large Edition is prefaced with a Diſcourſe on the right Way of fitting the PSALMS of David for Chriſtian Worſhip; *wherein a plain Account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this* Imitation of the PSALMS, *together with ſome evident and convincing Arguments to ſupport it. There are alſo particular* Notes *added at the End of a great Number of the* PSALMS, *which explain their Evangelical Senſe, and ſhew the Reaſon why they are either paraphraſed or abridged in ſuch a Manner here.*

At the Requeſt of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a ſmaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for public Worſhip; he therefore deſires, and may reaſonably demand this Piece of Juſtice of all his Readers, that they will not cenſure and condemn any Part of this Work, without a diligent Peruſal of the large Edition, wherein the Preface *and* Notes, *in the Judgment of many learned and pious Men, have given a ſufficient Vindication of the whole Performance.*

Of the Use of this PSALM BOOK.

THE *chief Design of this Work was to improve* Psalmody, *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in public Assemblies and private Families with more Pleasure and Delight: yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain in the Parlour and the Closet, with devout Pleasure and holy Meditation. Therefore he would request his Readers, at proper Seasons, to peruse it through; and, among* Three hundred and Forty *sacred* HYMNS, *they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory, they may be furnished for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.*

Of Choosing or Finding the PSALM.

THE *Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method; and by consulting the* INDEX, *or* TABLE *of* CONTENTS *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship; though no Copy of* David's Psalter *can provide for all, as I have shewn in the* Preface.

Or if he remembers the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines *at the End of the Book, will direct where to find it.*

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in Order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special *Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.*

Of Naming the PSALMS.

LET *the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular*

Part of it: As for Inſtance; Let us ſing the 33d Pſalm, 2d Part, Common Metre: *or* Let us ſing the 91ſt Pſalm, 1ſt Part, beginning at the Pauſe; *or* ending at the Pauſe: *or* Let us ſing the 84th Pſalm as the 148th Pſalm, *&c. And then read over the firſt Stanza before you begin to ſing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you ſing with or without reading Line by Line.*

Of Dividing the PSALMS.

IF *the Pſalm be too long for the Time or Cuſtom of Singing, there are Pauſes in many of them, at which you may properly reſt; or you may leave out thoſe Verſes which are included in Crotchets* [ ] *without diſturbing the Senſe: Or in ſome Places you may begin to ſing at a Pauſe.*

Do not always confine yourſelves to ſix Stanzas, *but ſing* ſeven *or* eight, *rather than confound the Senſe, and abuſe the Pſalm in ſolemn Worſhip.*

Of the Manner of SINGING.

IT *were to be wiſhed that all Congregations and private Families would ſing as they do in foreign Proteſtant Countries, without reading Line by Line. Though the Author has done what he could to make the Senſe complete in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing: But where it cannot be altered, theſe two Things may give ſome Relief.*

Firſt, *Let as many as can do it, bring* Pſalm-Books *with them, and look on the Words while they ſing, ſo far as to make the Senſe complete.*

Secondly, *Let the Clerk read the whole Pſalm over aloud, before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have ſome Notion of what they ſing: and not to be forced to drag on heavily through eight*

tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Lines come to give the Sense of them.

It were to be wished also, that we might not dwell so long upon every single Note, and draw out the Syllables to such a tiresome Extent, with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Music, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanzas: Whereas if the Method *of* Singing *were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm, with less Expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.*

The various Measures of the Verse are fitted to the Tunes of the Old PSALM BOOK.

To the Common Tunes *sing all intitled* Common Metre.

To the Tune *of the* 100th Psalm *sing all intitled* Long Metre.

To the Tune *of* the 25th Psalm *sing* Short Metre.

To the 50th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 50th *and* 93d.

To the 112th *or* 127th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 104th *and* 148th.

To the 113th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th *last Part*, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 122d Psalm *sing one of the Metres of the* 93d, 122d, *and* 133d.

To the 148th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 84th, 121st, 136th, *and* 148th.

To a new Tune sing one Metre of the 50th *and* 115th.

Tunes in the Tenor Part

Wittons. Common Metre

S.t Anns.

S.t James's.

Walsal.

Burford.

Crowle.

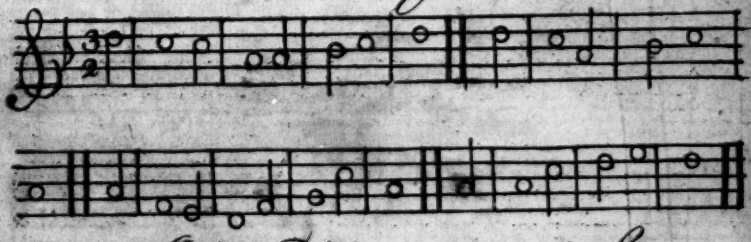
Windsor.

York.

Low Dutch.

St. Georges.

Wantage.



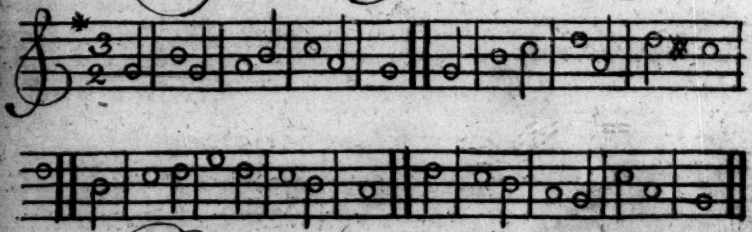
Old Hundredth.

Long Metre.

Greens 100th.

Long Metres.

The Angels Song.



Babylon Streams.

Banbury.

Whitchurch.

Southwell new.

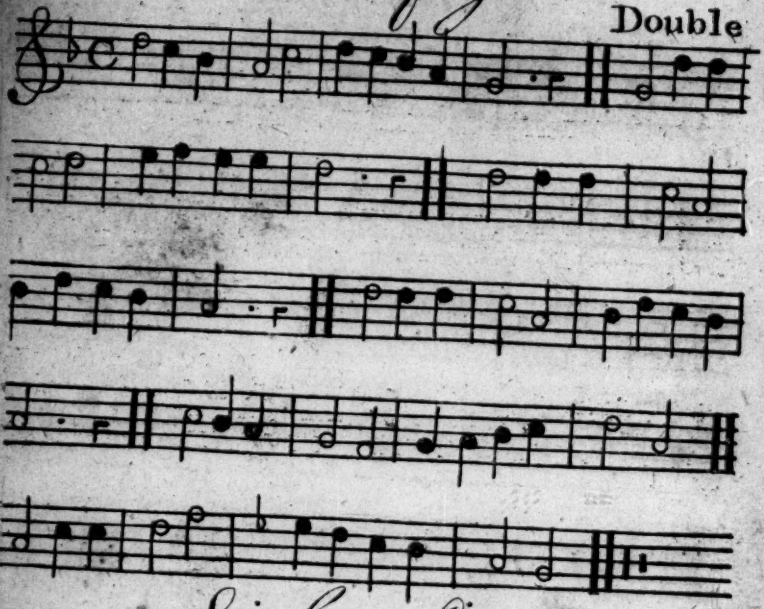
Short Metres.

Farnham.

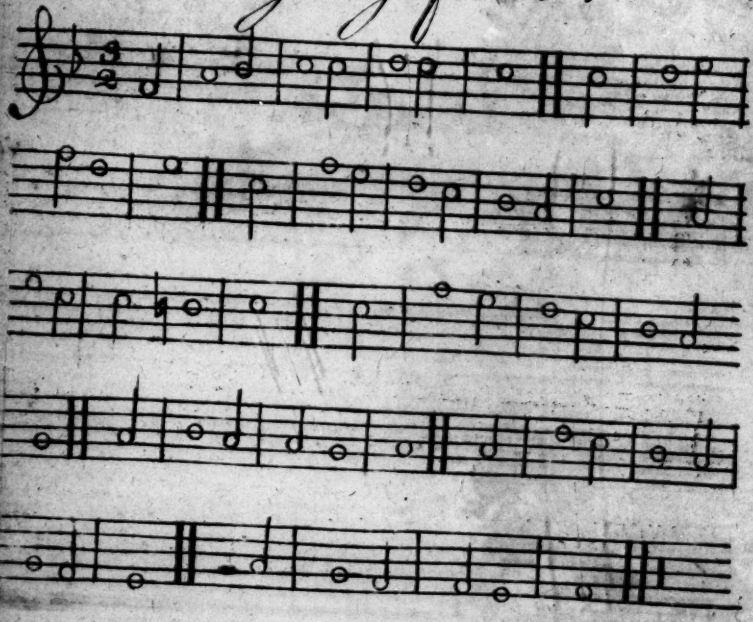
Alesbury

Old Fiftyth.

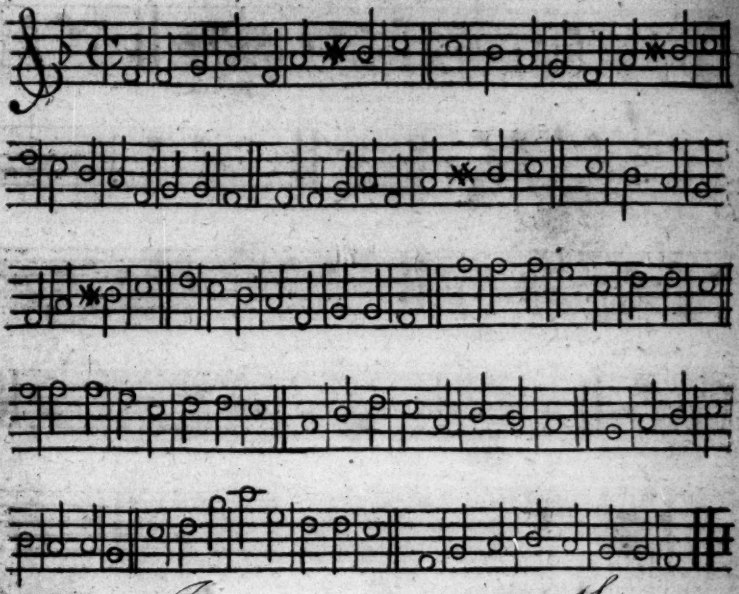
Double



Eighty first.

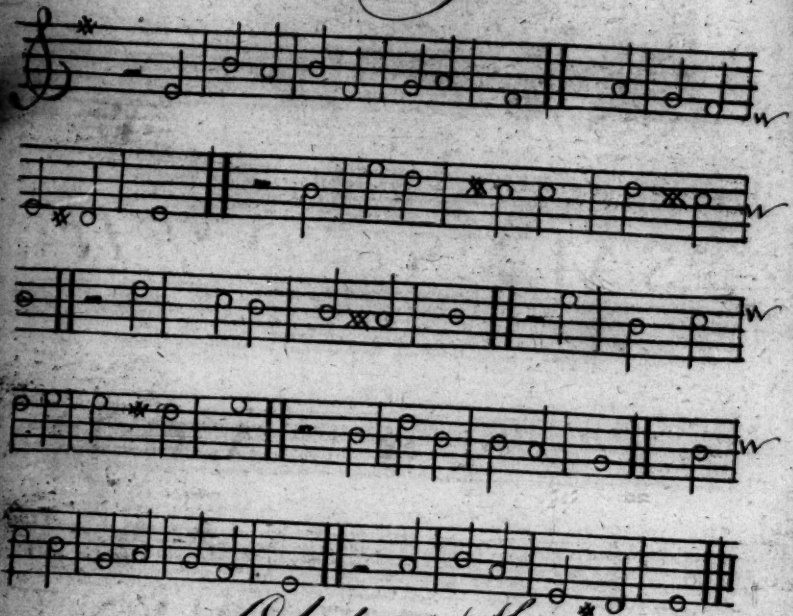


Old 113th.

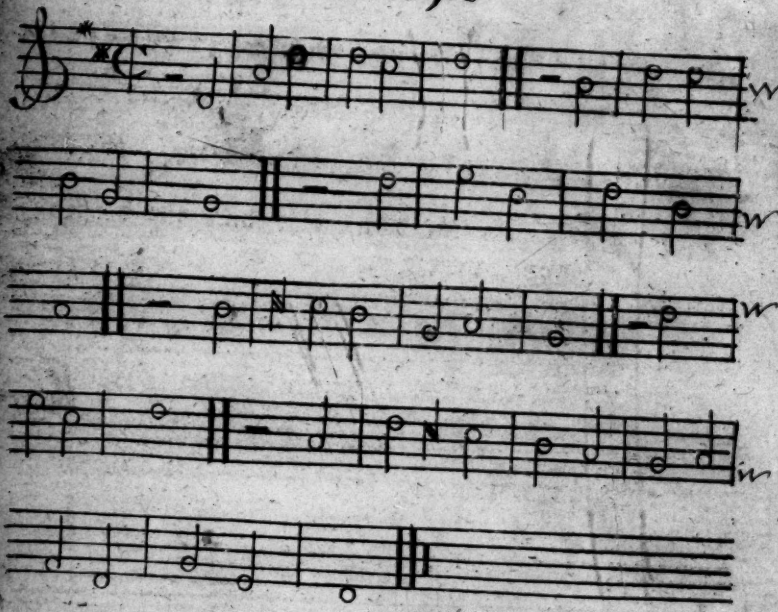


Jennings 113th.

Old 119th



Old 148th



THE

PSALMS of *DAVID*,

Imitated in the

LANGUAGE

OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffers' Seat:

2 But in the Statutes of the LORD
Has plac'd his chief Delight;
By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

3 [He, like a Plant of gen'rous Kind,
By living Waters ſet,
Safe from the Storms and blaſting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

4 Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine,
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

5 Not ſo the Impious and Unjuſt;
What vain Deſigns they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Duſt,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

6 Sinners in Judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the Sons of Grace,
When CHRIST, the Judge, at his right Hand,
Appoints his Saints a Place.

7 His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well:
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miſerable.

1 THE Man is ever bleſt,
Who ſhuns the Sinners' Ways,
Amongſt their Counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the Scorners' Place.

2 But makes the Law of GOD
His Study and Delight,
Amidſt the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

3 He like a Tree ſhall thrive,
With Waters near the Root;

Freſh as the Leaf his Name ſhall live;
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

4 Not ſo th' ungodly Race,
They no ſuch Bleſſings find:
Their Hopes ſhall flee, like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

5 How will they bear to ſtand
Before that Judgment-ſeat,
Where all the Saints at CHRIST's right-Hand
In full Aſſembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his Morning-light
Amongſt the Statutes of the LORD;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er his Word.

3 He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green:
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

4 But Sinners find their Counſels croſt:
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies;
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

5 In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful Judge with ſtern Command,
Divides him to a diff'rent Place.

6 "Straight is the Way my Saints have trod;
"I bleſt the Path, and drew it plain;
"But you would chooſe the crooked Road;
"And down it leads to endleſs Pain."

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, *&c.*

CHRIST *Dying, Riſing, Interceding, and Reigning.*

1 [MAKER and ſov'reign LORD
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And anſwers thy Decrees.

2 The Things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd;
When Jews and Gentiles join to ſlay
JESUS, thine holy Child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one Accord
Bend all their Counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the LORD?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Deſign;
Againſt the LORD their Pow'rs unite,
Againſt his CHRIST they join.

5 The LORD derides their Rage,
And will ſupport his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He aſks, and GOD beſtows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remoteſt Ends
His Kingdom ſhall advance.

8 The Nations that rebel,
Muſt feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe Honours well
Which he receiv'd from GOD.

9 [Be wiſe, ye Rulers, now,
And worſhip at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To GOD's exalted Son.

10 If once his Wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the Place;
Then bleſſed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the Nations join to ſlay
The LORD's anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his Laws away,
And tread his Goſpel down?

2 The LORD that ſits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below;
He ſpeaks with Veng'ance in his Eyes,
And ſtrikes their Spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raiſe him from the Dead;

" I make my holy Hill his Throne,
" And wide his Kingdom ſpread.

4 " Aſk me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmoſt Heathen Lands:
" Thy Rod of Iron ſhall deſtroy
" The Rebel that withſtands."

5 Be wiſe, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' anointed LORD;
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

6 With humble Love addreſs his Throne;
For if he frown ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure and thoſe alone,
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Death, Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.*

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their Rage,
The Romans why their Swords employ,
Againſt the LORD their Pow'rs engage,
His dear Anointed to deſtroy?

2 " Come, let us break his Bands," they ſay,
" This Man ſhall never give us Laws;"
And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
And nail'd their Monarch to the Croſs.

3 But GOD, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls,
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 " I will maintain the King I made,
" On Zion's everlaſting Hill:
" My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."

5 [His wond'rous Riſing from the Earth,
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The LORD declares his heav'nly Birth,
" This Day have I begot my Son.

6 " Aſcend, my Son, to my right Hand,
" There thou ſhalt aſk, and I beſtow
" The utmoſt Bounds of Heathen Land;
" To thee the Northern Iſles ſhall bow."]

7 But Nations that reſiſt his Grace,
Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke;
His Rod ſhall cruſh his Foes with Eaſe
As Potters earthen Work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now, ye that ſit on earthly Thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the LORD, the Lamb;
Now at his Feet ſubmit your Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

9 With humble Love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealouſy.

10 His Storms ſhall drive you quick to Hell;
He is a GOD, and ye but Duſt:
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Truſt.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſt: or, GOD *our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

1 MY GOD, how many are my Fears!
How faſt my Foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal Death,
They break my preſent Peace.

2 The lying Tempter would perſuade
There's no Relief in Heav'n;
And all my ſwelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread;
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raiſe my drooping Head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning Ear;
I call'd my Father and my GOD,
And he ſubdu'd my Fear.

5 He ſhed ſoft Slumbers on mine Eyes,
In ſpite of all my Foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repoſe.]

6 What tho' the Hoſts of Death and Hell
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my Soul;
My Refuge is my GOD.

7 Ariſe, O LORD, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory ſing:
My GOD has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has loſt his Sting.

8 Salvation to the LORD belongs,
His Arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

PSALM III. 1—5,8. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my Foes,
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!

My Peace they daily diſcompoſe;
But my Defence and Hope is GOD.

2 Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To thee I rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure;
Not Death ſhould make my Heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 But GOD ſuſtain'd me all the Night;
Salvation doth to GOD belong:
He rais'd my Head to ſee the Light,
And make his Praiſe my Morning Song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer: or, GOD *our Portion, and* CHRIST *our Hope.*

1 O GOD of Grace and Righteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in Diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

2 Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

3 Know that the LORD divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beſide;
He hears the Cry of Penitents,
For the dear Sake of CHRIST that dy'd.

4 When our obedient Hands have done
A thouſand Works of Righteouſneſs,

We put our Truſt in GOD alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

5 Let the unthinking Many ſay,
"Who will beſtow ſome earthly Good;"
But LORD, thy Light and Love we pray,
Our Souls deſire this heav'nly Food.

6 Then ſhall my cheerful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favour ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn and all their Wine.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

2 And while I reſt my weary Head,
From Cares and Buſ'neſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

3 I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice:
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD! my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

4 Thus, with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to ſleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear,
My Voice aſcending high;

To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye:

2 Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's Throne,
Our Songs and our Complaints.

3 Thou art a GOD, before whoſe Sight
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

4 But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry Path of Duty ſtraight
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet aſtray:
They flatter with a baſe Deſign
To make my Soul their Prey.

7 LORD, cruſh the Serpent in the Duſt,
And all his Plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy Mercy truſt
For ever ſhout for Joy.

8 The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty GOD will compaſs them
With Favour as a Shield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs: or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

1 IN Anger, LORD, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble Worm.

2 My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Fleſh with Pain oppreſt;
My Couch is witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt.

3 Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries;
Counting the Minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow Morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
My Eyes conſum'd with Grief?
How long, my GOD, how long, before
Thine Hand affords Relief?

5 He hears when Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our Grones;
He ſaves us for his Mercy's ſake,
And heals our broken Bones.

6 The Virtue of his ſov'reign Word
Reſtores our fainting Breath;
For ſilent Graves praiſe not the LORD,
Nor is he known in Death.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptation in Sickneſs overcome.

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy Rebukes,
When thou with Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe.

2 Pity my languiſhing Eſtate,
And eaſe the Sorrows that I feel;
The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal!

3 See how I paſs my weary Days
In Sighs and Groans, and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears;
My Grief conſumes, and dims my Sight.

4 Look how the Pow'rs of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty GOD, how long?
When ſhall thine Hour of Grace return?
When ſhall I make thy Grace my Song?

5 I feel my Fleſh ſo near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to Deſpair;
But Graves can never praiſe the LORD,
For all is Duſt and Silence there.

6 Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all deſpairing Thoughts depart;
My GOD, who hears my humble Moan,
Will eaſe my Fleſh, and cheer my Heart.

PSALM VII.

GOD's Care of his People, and Puniſhment of Perſecutors.

1 MY Truſt is in my heav'nly Friend
My Hope in Thee, my GOD;
Riſe, and my helpleſs Life defend
From thoſe that ſeek my Blood.

2 With Inſolence and Fury they
My Soul in pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey,
When no Deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them firſt,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Duſt,
And lay mine Honour low.

4 If there be Malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I ſhould not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor aſk my GOD to riſe.

5 Ariſe, my GOD, lift up thine Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul:
Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Duſt.
Shall not the GOD of Truth engage
To vindicate the Juſt?

7 He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright;
His ſharpeſt Arrows he ordains
Againſt the Sons of Spite.

8 For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My GOD makes all their Miſchief light
On their own Heads at laſt.]

9 That cruel perſecuting Race,
Muſt feel his dreadful Sword;
Awake, my Soul, and praiſe the Grace
And Juſtice of the LORD.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs: and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

1 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine:
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.

2 When to thy Works on high,
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſee the Moon, complete in Light,
Adorn the darkſome Skies:

3 When I ſurvey the Stars,
And all their ſhining Forms;
Lord, what is Man! that worthleſs Thing,
Akin to Duſt and Worms.

4 Lord, what is worthleſs Man!
That Thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of All below.

5 Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

6 How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways!
Of Duſt and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

7 [Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings, thou canſt draw
Surpriſing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

8 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Condeſcenſion and Glorification*: or, GOD *made Man.*

1 O LORD, our GOD, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light:

3 LORD, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo!

4 That thy eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fiſhes own
His Godhead and his Pow'r.

6 The Waves lay ſpread beneath his Feet,
And Fiſh, at his Command,
Bring their large Shoals to Peter's Net,
And Tribute to his Hand.

7 Theſe

7 Theſe leſſer Glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleſhly Cloud:
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confeſs him GOD.]

8 Let him be crown'd with Majeſty,
Who bow'd his Head to Death:
And be his Honours founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

9 JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great
Is thy exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. Paraphraſed.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Hoſanna of the Children: or, *Infants praiſing GOD.*

1 ALmighty Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is ſpread,
And thine eternal Glories riſe
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.

2 To thee the Voices of the Young
A Monument of Honour raiſe;
And Babes, with uninſtructed Tongue,
Declare the Wonders of thy Praiſe.

3 Thy Pow'r aſſiſts their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To ſtill the bold Blaſphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

4 Children amidſt thy Temple throng,
To ſee their great Redeemer's Face;
The Son of DAVID is their Song,
And young Hoſannas fill the Place.

5 The frowning Scribes and angry Prieſts
In vain their impious Cavils bring!
Revenge ſits ſilent in their Breaſts,
While Jewiſh Babes proclaim their King.

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, &c. Paraphraſed.

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and CHRIST, *Lords of the Old and New Creation.*

1 LORD, what was Man when made at firſt?
Adam the Offspring of the Duſt!
That thou ſhould'ſt ſet him and his Race
But juſt below an Angel's Place?

2 That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his Nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below?
Make ev'ry Beaſt and Bird ſubmit,
And lay the Fiſhes at his Feet?

3 But O what brighter Glories wait
To crown the ſecond ADAM's State?
What Honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born!

4 See him below his Angels made,
See him in Duſt amongſt the Dead,
To ſave a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he ſhall reign with Pow'r divine.

5 The World to come, redeem'd from all
The Mis'ries that attend the Fall,
New made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

PSALM IX. Firſt Part.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

1 WITH my whole Heart I'll raiſe my Song;
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim;

Thou, ſov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put my Foes to Shame.

2 I'll ſing thy Majeſty and Grace;
My GOD prepares his Throne,
To judge the World in Righteouſneſs,
And make his Veng'ance known.

3 Then ſhall the LORD a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppreſt;
To ſave the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Reſt.

4 The Men that know thy Name will truſt
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the Juſt,
Who humbly ſought thy Face.

5 Sing Praiſes to the righteous LORD,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. Second Part.

The Wiſdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, Supreme and Juſt,
Shall once inquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Duſt,
Shall find a faithful GOD.

2 He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raiſe
In Zion's Gates with cheerful Breath
They ſing their Father's Praiſe.

3 His Foes ſhall fall with heedleſs Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners periſh in the Net
That their own Hands had ſpread.

4 Thus by thy Judgments, mighty GOD!
Are thy deep Counſels known;
When Men of Miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The Snare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The Wicked ſhall ſink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known Commands.

6 Tho' Saints to ſore Diſtreſs are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their Cries ſhall not be long forgot,
Nor ſhall their Hopes be vain.

7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy Seat,
To judge and ſave the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Men prevail no more.

8 Thy Thunder ſhall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain;
Make them confeſs that thou art GOD,
And they but feeble Men.]

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and Saints ſaved; or, *Pride, Atheiſm, and Oppreſſion, puniſhed.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 WHY doth the LORD ſtand off ſo far,
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?

2 LORD, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Pow'r?

Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

3 They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O God, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry:
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand,
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
"The God of Heav'n will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's Side?"

6 But thou for ever art our LORD,
And pow'rful is thine Hand;
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ears to hear;
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in fear.

8 Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;
And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

PSALM XI.

GOD *loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.*

1 MY Refuge is the GOD of Love;
Why do my Foes inſult and cry,

" Fly, like a tim'rous trembling Dove,
" To diſtant Woods or Mountains fly?"

2 If Government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Juſtice void,
Where ſhall the Righteous ſeek Redreſs?

3 The LORD in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne;
His Eyes ſurvey the World below;
To him all mortal Things are known;
His Eyelids ſearch our Spirits thro'.

4 If he afflicts his Saints ſo far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Tranſgreſſors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

5 On impious Wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of Brimſtone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of Sodom, with his angry Breath.

6 The righteous LORD loves righteous Souls,
Whoſe Thoughts and Actions are ſincere;
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times: or, *Sins of the Tongue complained of; namely, Blaſphemy, Falſhood,* &c.

1 LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Virtue and Truth will flee away;
A faithful Man amongſt us here
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole Diſcourſe when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles looſe and vain;

Their Lips are Flatt'ry and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Veng'ance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming Tongue.

4 "Yet ſhall our Words be free," they cry;
"Our Tongue ſhall be control'd by none:
"Where is the Lord will aſk us why?
"Or ſay, our Lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who ſees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears th' Oppreſſor's haughty Strain,
Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his Word in vain.

6 Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit ſhall ſtill appear:
Not Silver, ſev'n times purify'd
From Droſs and Mixture, ſhine ſo clear.

7 Thy Grace ſhall in the darkeſt Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm:
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Pow'r,
On ev'ry Side will Sinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners: or, *The Promise and Sign of* Christ's *coming to Judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for Men of Virtue fail;
Religion loſes Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.

2 Their Oaths and Promiſes they break,
Yet act the Flatt'rer's Part:
With fair deceitful Lips they ſpeak,
And with a double Heart.

3 If we reprove ſome hateful Lie,
How is their Fury ſtirr'd!
"Are not our Lips our own," they cry,
"And who ſhall be our Lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride
And bear the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 LORD, when Iniquities abound,
And Blaſphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy Chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt Thou not giv'n the Sign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A Promiſe ſo divine?

7 "Yes, ſaith the LORD, now will I riſe,
"And make Oppreſſors flee;
"I ſhall appear to their Surpriſe,
"And ſet my Servants free."

8 Thy Word, like Silver ſev'n times try'd,
Thro' Ages ſhall endure;
The Men that in thy Truth confide
Shall find thy Promiſe ſure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with GOD *under Deſertion:* or, *Hope in Darkneſs.*

1 HOW long, O LORD, ſhall I complain,
Like one that ſeeks his GOD in vain?
Can'ſt thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I ſtill pray, and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not!
Still ſhall my Soul thine Abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy Return?

3 How long ſhall my poor troubled Breaſt,
Be with theſe anxious Thoughts oppreſt?
And Satan, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?

4 Hear, LORD, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death concludes my Grief;
If thou withhold'ſt thy heav'nly Light,
I ſleep in everlaſting Night.

5 How will the Pow'rs of Darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying Soul be loſt?
But I have truſted in thy Grace,
And ſhall again behold thy Face.

6 Whate'er my Fears or Foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt:
My Heart ſhall feel thy Love, and raiſe
My cheerful Voice to Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptation of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My GOD, how long delay?

When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly Rays
That chaſe my Fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And eaſe my raging Pain.

3 See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts,
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

4 Be thou my Sun, be thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte, before mine Eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

5 How would the Tempter boaſt aloud,
If I became his Prey?
Behold the Sons of Men grow proud
At thy ſo long Delay.

6 But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,
And Satan hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

7 Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS in their Hearts believe and ſay,
"That all Religion's vain,
"There is no GOD that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men."

2 From Thoughts ſo dreadful and profane,
Corrupt Diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

3 The LORD, from his celeſtial Throne,
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that ſought his Grace,
Or did his Juſtice know.

4 By Nature all are gone aſtray,
Their Practice all the ſame:
There's none that fears his Maker's Hand;
There's none that loves his Name.

5 Their Tongues are us'd to ſpeak Deceit;
Their Slanders never ceaſe;
How ſwift to Miſchief are their Feet!
Nor know the Paths of Peace.

6 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

PSALM XIV. Second Part.

The Folly of Perſecutors.

1 ARE Sinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown
That they the Saints devour;
And never worſhip at thy Throne,
Nor fear thy awful Pow'r?

2 Great GOD, appear to their Surpriſe,
Reveal thy dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

3 Doſt thou not dwell among the Juſt?
And yet our Foes deride,

That we ſhould make thy Name our Truſt:
Great GOD, confound their Pride!

4 O that the joyful Day was come,
To finiſh our Diſtreſs!
When GOD ſhall bring his Children home,
Our Songs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Character of a Saint: or, *A Citizen of Zion*: or, *The Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O GOD of Holineſs?
Whom will the LORD admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

2 The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

3 He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the LORD;
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

5 His Hands diſdain a golden Bribe
And never gripe the Poor:
This Man ſhall dwell with GOD on Earth,
And find his Heav'n ſecure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and Juſtice, Goodneſs and Truth: or, *Duties to* GOD *and Man:* or, *The Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly Place,
Great GOD, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with GOD below:

2 Whoſe Hands are pure, whoſe Heart is clean;
Whoſe Lips ſtill ſpeak the Thing they mean:
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

3 [Scarce will he truſt an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt;
Sinners of State he can deſpiſe,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

4 [Firm to his Word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his Promiſe good:
Nor dares to change the Thing he ſwears,
Whatever Pain or Loſs he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Juſtice ſhould be ſold;
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.

6 He loves his Enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his Face;
And doth to all Men ſtill the ſame,
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone:
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, LORD, with Thee.

PSALM XVI. First Part. Long Metre.

Confeſſion of our Poverty; and Saints the beſt Company:
or, *Good Works profit Men, not* GOD.

1 PReſerve me, LORD, in Time of Need;
For Succour to thy Throne I flee;
But have no Merits there to plead,
My Goodneſs cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confeſt,
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praiſe can never make Thee bleſt,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, LORD, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
Theſe are the Company I keep,
Theſe are the chiefeſt Friends I know.

4 Let others chooſe the Sons of Mirth
To give a Reliſh to their Wine;
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whoſe Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *All-ſufficiency.*

1 HOW faſt their Guilt and Sorrows riſe,
Who haſte to ſeek ſome Idol-God?
I will not taſte their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

2 My GOD provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon;
He for my Life has offer'd up
JESUS his beſt beloved Son.

3 His Love is my perpetual Feaſt;
By Day his Counſels guide me right:

And be his Name for ever bleſt,
Who gives me ſweet Advice by Night.

4 I ſet him ſtill before mine Eyes;
At my right Hand he ſtands, prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surpriſe,
And be my everlaſting Guard.

PSALM XVI. Third Part. Long Metre.

Courage in Death and Hope of the Reſurrection.

1 WHEN GOD is nigh, my Faith is ſtrong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice, my Tongue,
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 Tho' in the Duſt I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor loſe thy Children in the Grave.

3 My Fleſh ſhall thy firſt Call obey,
Shake off the Duſt, and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous Way,
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

4 There Streams of endleſs Pleaſure flow;
And full Diſcoveries of thy Grace,
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Support and Counſel from GOD, *without Merit.*

1 SAVE me, O LORD, from ev'ry Foe;
In Thee my Truſt I place;
Tho' all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deſerve thy Grace.

2 Yet if my GOD prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints, the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.

3 Let Heathens to their Idols haſte,
And worſhip Wood or Stone;
But my delightful Lot is caſt
Where the true GOD is known.

4 His Hand provides my conſtant Food;
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

5 GOD is my Portion and my Joy;
His Counſels are my Light:
He gives me ſweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

6 My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing Eye;
Nor Death, nor Hell my Hope ſhall move,
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Death and Reſurrection of CHRIST.

1 " I SET the LORD before my Face,
" He bears my Courage up:
" My Heart and Tongue their Joy expreſs,
" My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 " My Spirit, LORD, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave,
" To ſee Corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raiſe me to thy Throne;

" Thy Courts immortal Pleaſure give,
" Thy Preſence Joys unknown."

4 [Thus in the Name of CHRIST the LORD,
The holy David ſung;
And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his prophetic Tongue.

5 JESUS, whom ev'ry Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey reſtores!
Behold he lives again!

6 When ſhall my Feet ariſe, and ſtand
On Heav'n's eternal Hills?
There ſits the Son at GOD's right Hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.]

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.

Portion of Saints and Sinners: or, *Hope and Deſpair in Death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious GOD,
And make the Wicked flee:
They are but thy chaſtiſing Rod,
To drive thy Saints to Thee.

2 Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

3 Then let his Pride advance,
And boaſt of all his Store;
The LORD is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wiſh no more.

4 I ſhall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD;

And ſtand complete in Righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's Blood.

5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Dreſt in the Likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinners Portion and Saints Hope: or, *The Heaven of ſeparate Souls, and the Reſurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine: But thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their Hope and Portion lies below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek: They take their Shares,
And leave the Reſt among their Heirs.

3 What Sinners value, I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand complete in Righteouſneſs.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World to which I go
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my GOD!
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

6 My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;

Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surpriſe,
And in my Saviour's Image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Firſt Part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from Despair: or, *Temptations overcome.*

1 THEE will I love, O LORD, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tow'r, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm ſhall be my Truſt,
For I have found Salvation thence.

2 Death and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their diſmal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking Soul afraid.

3 I ſaw the op'ning Gates of Hell,
With endleſs Pains and Sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to Deſpair.

4 In my Diſtreſs I call'd my GOD,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.

5 [With ſpeed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Light'ning ſhone
The Face of my Deliv'rer, GOD.

6 Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blaſt of his Almighty Breath:
He ſent Salvation from on High,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]

7 Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage:

But CHRIST, my LORD, is Conqu'ror ſtill,
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

8 My Song for ever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the LORD,
Due to his Mercy and his Pow'r.

PSALM XVIII.

Second Part. ver. 20—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſeen my Soul ſincere,
Haſt made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I ſet thy Laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous Cauſe.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.

3 What ſore Temptations broke my Reſt!
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breaſt!
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling Sin:

4 That Sin, that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my Will;
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign Pow'r
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more?

5 [With an impatient Hand, the LORD
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:
The kind and faithful Souls ſhall find
A GOD, as faithful and as kind.

6 The Juſt and Pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:

And Men that love Revenge ſhall know,
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. Third Part. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God: or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my ſecure Abode:
Who is a God beſide the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

2 'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield:
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

3 He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock!)
The God of my Salvation lives;
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

4 Before the Scoffers of the Age,
I will exalt my Father's Name;
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

5 To David and his royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend:
Thy Love to Saints in Christ their Head,
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

3 When God our Leader ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?

4 He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in array
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.

5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are diſmay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

6 He forms our Gen'rals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

7 [He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded Cyrus with his Might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleſt,
For his own Church's Sake:
The Pow'rs, that give his People Reſt,
Shall of his Care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day:

Thy Terrors, LORD, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

2 'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boaſted Fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their Tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found!

4 In vain to Idol-Saints they cry,
And periſh in their Blood:
Where is a Rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful as our GOD!

5 The Rock of Iſr'el ever lives,
His Name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own Arm the Vict'ry gives,
And gives his People Reſt.

6 On Kings that reign as David did,
He pours his Bleſſings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well ſupports their Crown.

PSALM XIX. First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a LORD's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

2 The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;

While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye Britiſh Lands rejoice;
Here he reveals his Word:
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the LORD.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes;
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

6 His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit;
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 [Not Honey to the Taſte
Affords ſo much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace paſt
So much allures the Sight.

8 While of thy Works I ſing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praiſe, my GOD, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

PSALM XIX. Second Part Short Metre.

GOD's *Word moſt Excellent:* or, *Sincerity and Watchfulneſs.*

For a LORD's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;

His

His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

2 But where the Goſpel comes
It ſpreads diviner Light,
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

3 How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments juſt:
For ever ſure thy Promiſe, LORD,
And Men ſecurely truſt.

4 My gracious GOD, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet, with a bold preſumptuous Mind,
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my ſecret Faults;
And cleanſe this guilty Soul of mine,
Whoſe Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

8 While with my Heart and Tongue
I ſpread thy Praiſe abroad;
Accept the Worſhip and the Song,
My Saviour and my GOD!

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Book of Nature and of Scripture compared: or, *The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD;
In ev'ry Star thy Wiſdom ſhines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt Volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy Juſtice and thy Grace.

3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run:
Till CHRIST has all the Nations bleſt
That ſee the Light or feel the Sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiv'n:
LORD, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Pſalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 GReat GOD, the Heav'ns well-order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name;

There thy rich Works of Wonders ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear,
Of boundleſs Pow'r and Skill divine.

2 From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

3 Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journies of the Sun,
And ev'ry Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun, like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad,
He ſmiles and ſpeaks his Maker, GOD;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe.
Thus GOD in ev'ry Creature ſhines:
Fair is the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way;
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.

6 From the Diſcov'ries of thy Law,
The perfect Rules of Life I draw;
Theſe are my Study and Delight;
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,

Nor Gold that hath the Furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

7 Thy Threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, LORD,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free but large Reward.

8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My GOD, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
That I have read thy Book of Grace,
And Book of Nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his Peoples' humble Cry!
JEHOVAH hears when Iſr'el prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on High.

2 The Name of Jacob's GOD defends,
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary, ſends
Succour and Strength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs;
His Love exceeds our beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of Iſr'el's GOD

Our Troops ſhall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies ſpread their Flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in Horſes train'd for War,
And ſome of Chariots make their Boaſts;
Our ſureſt Expectations are
From thee, the LORD of heav'nly Hoſts.

6 [O may the Mem'ry of thy Name
Inſpire our Armies for the Fight!
Our Foes ſhall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with ſhameful Flight.]

7 Now ſave us, LORD, from ſlaviſh Fear;
Now let our Hope be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy Salvation ſhall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raiſe the Song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

1 THE King, O LORD, with Songs of Praiſe,
Shall in thy Strength rejoice:
And, bleſt with thy Salvation, raiſe
To Heav'n his cheerful Voice.

2 Thy ſure Defence, thro' Nations round
Has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
With Majeſty and Fame.

3 Then let the King on GOD alone,
For timely Aid rely;
His Mercy ſhall ſupport the Throne,
And all our Wants ſupply.

4 But righteous LORD, his ſtubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
That hate his mild Command.

5 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them conſume.

6 Thus, LORD, thy wond'rous Pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe prepare
For thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

CHRIST *exalted to the Kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoic'd in GOD his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by ſpecial Grace;
But CHRIST the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praiſe.

2 How great is the Meſſiah's Joy,
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
LORD, thou haſt rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

3 Thy Goodneſs grants whate'er he will;
Nor doth the leaſt Requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of Love prevent him ſtill,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

4 Honour and Majeſty divine
Around his ſacred Temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlaſting Days.

5 Thine Hand ſhall find out all his Foes:
And, as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So ſhall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM XXII. 1—16. First Part.

Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

1 "WHY has my GOD my Soul forſook,
"Nor will a Smile afford?"
(Thus David once in Anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying LORD.)

2 Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praiſing Saints,
Yet thou canſt hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

3 Our Fathers truſted in thy Name,
And great Deliv'rance found;
But I'm a Worm, deſpis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

4 Shaking the Head they paſs me by,
And laugh my Soul to Scorn;
"In vain he truſts in GOD," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art He, who form'd my Fleſh
By thine Almighty Word;
And ſince I hung upon the Breaſt,
My Hope is in the LORD.

6 Why will my Father hide his Face,
When Foes ſtand threat'ning round,
In the dark Hour of deep Diſtreſs,
And not an Helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of Baſhan fierce and ſtrong,
As Lions roaring loud.

8 From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet,
To multiply the Smart;
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.

9 Yet if thy ſov'reign Hand let looſe
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well?

10 My GOD, if poſſible it be,
Withhold this bitter Cup:
But I reſign my Will to thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.

11 My Heart diſſolves with Pangs unknown;
In Groans I waſte my Breath;
Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
Low as the Duſt of Death.

12 Father, I give my Spirit up,
And truſt it in thy Hand;
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope,
And riſe at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. Second Part.

Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

1 "NOW from the roaring Lion's Rage,
"O LORD, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy Darling to engage
"The Pow'rs of Hell alone."

2 Thus did our ſuff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

3 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death,
His Throne exalted high;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worſhip, or ſhall die.

4 A num'rous Offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring Groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.

5 The meek and humble Souls ſhall ſee
His Table richly ſpread:
And all that ſeek the LORD ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

6 The Iſles ſhall know the Righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate GOD;
And Nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

1 NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our LORD,
When he complain'd in Tears of Blood,
As one forſaken of his GOD.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhook their Heads, and laugh'd in Scorn;
"He reſcu'd others from the Grave,
"Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 "This is the Man did once pretend
"GOD was his Father and his Friend;
"If GOD the Bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous People! Cruel Prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage Beaſts;

Like Lions gaping to devour,
When GOD had left him in their Pow'r.

5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But GOD, his Father, heard his Cry:
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteousness,
And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

GOD *our Shepherd.*

1 MY Shepherd is the living LORD:
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd;
His Providence and holy Word,
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food's divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
But he restores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me, for his Mercy's sake,
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For GOD my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps,
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

6 The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well,
With living Bread, and cheerful Wine.

7 [How I rejoice, when on my Head
Thy Spirit condeſends to reſt!
'Tis a divine Anointing, ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.

8 Surely the Mercies of the LORD
Attend his Houſhold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1 MY Shepherd will ſupply my Need,
JEHOVAH is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living Stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back,
When I forſake his Ways:
And leads me, for his Mercy's ſake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3 When I walk thro' the Shades of Death,
Thy Preſence is my Stay;
A Word of thy ſupporting Breath,
Drives all my Fears away.

4 Thy Hand, in Sight of all my Foes,
Doth ſtill my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 The ſure Proviſions of my GOD
Attend me all my Days;

O may thy Houſe be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praiſe.

6 There would I find a ſettled Reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Gueſt,
But like a Child at Home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE LORD my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since He is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the Place,
Where heav'nly Paſture grows,
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right Way,
For his moſt holy Name.

4 While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In Sight of all my Foes
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love,
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with GOD.

1 THE Earth for ever is the LORD's,
With Adam's num'rous Race;
He rais'd its Arches, o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

2 But who among the Sons of Men
May viſit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Miſchief clean,
Whoſe Heart is right with GOD.

3 This is the Man may riſe, and take
The Bleſſings of his Grace:
This is the Lot of thoſe that ſeek
The GOD of Jacob's Face.

4 Now let our Souls, immortal Pow'rs,
To meet the LORD, prepare;
Lift up their everlaſting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints, is his Delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven: or, CHRIST's *Aſcenſion.*

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the LORD's,
And Men, and Worms, and Beaſts, and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter World on High,
Thy Palace, LORD, above the Sky:
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt Abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, GOD?

3 He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean;
Him ſhall the LORD the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his Soul with Righteouſneſs.

4 Theſe are the Men, the pious Race,
That ſeek the GOD of Jacob's Face:
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful Sight,
And dwell in everlaſting Light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye ſhining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty LORD, the SAVIOUR's He.

6 Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves diſplay,
To make the LORD the SAVIOUR Way:
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell
The Conqu'ror comes, with GOD to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,
He opens Heav'ns eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode,
Near their Redeemer, and their GOD.

PSALM XXV. 1—11. First Part.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I Lift my Soul to GOD,
My Truſt is in his Name:
Let not my Foes that ſeek my Blood
Still triumph in my Shame.

2 Sin and the Pow'rs of Hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
LORD, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.

3 From the firſt dawning Light,
Till the dark Ev'ning riſe,
For thy Salvation, LORD, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.

4 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
Forgive the Sins of riper Days
And Follies of my Youth.

5 The LORD is juſt and kind;
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways;
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

6 For his own Goodneſs ſake,
He ſaves my Soul from Shame:
He pardons (though my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. Second Part.

Divine Inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the Man be found,
That fears t' offend his GOD
That loves the Goſpel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

2 The LORD ſhall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Cov'nant ſhow,
And all his Love impart.

3 The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his Cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his Will.

4 Their Souls ſhall dwell at Eaſe
Before their Maker's Face,

Their Seed ſhall taſte the Promiſes
In their extenſive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. Third Part.

Diſtreſs of Soul: or, *Backſliding and Deſertion.*

1 MINE Eyes and my Deſire
Are ever to the LORD;
I love to plead his Promiſes,
And reſt upon his Word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my Soul;
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand releaſe my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?

3 When ſhall the ſov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving GOD,
Reſtore me from thoſe dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod!

4 The Tumult of my Thoughts,
Doth but enlarge my Woe:
My Spirit languiſhes, my Heart
Is deſolate and low.

5 With ev'ry Morning Light
My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguiſh and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the Hoſts of Hell!
How cruel is their Hate?
Againſt my Life they riſe and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

7 O! keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,

For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my Redeemer's Name.

8 With humble Feet I wait,
To ſee thy Face again;
Of Iſr'el it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
"He ſought the LORD in vain."

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination: or, *Evidences of Grace.*

1 JUDGE me, O LORD, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart,

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit,
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite,
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

5 Amongſt thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy Bar,
The Blood of CHRIST is my Defence.

4 I love thy Habitation, LORD,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonders tell.

5 Let not my Soul be join'd at laſt,
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have paſt
Among the Saints, and near my GOD.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. Firſt Part.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE LORD of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;

God is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

2 One Privilege my Heart desires:
O! grant me an Abode,
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still:
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there inquire thy Will.

4 When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. Second Part.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye Children, seek my Grace;"
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"I'll seek my Father's Face."

2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life I fly to thee
In a distressing Day.

3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.

4 My fainting Fleſh had dy'd with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd,
To ſee thy Grace provide Relief;
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raiſe your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the LORD, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the LORD Renown and Pow'r;
Aſcribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

2 The LORD proclaims his Pow'r aloud,
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

3 He ſpeaks, and Tempeſt, Hail, and Wind,
Lay the wide Foreſt bare around;
The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind,
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his Voice,
And lo, the ſtately Cedars break;
The Mountains tremble at the Noiſe,
The Valleys roar, the Deſerts quake.

5 The LORD ſits Sov'reign o'er the Flood;
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King:
But makes his Church his bleſt Abode,
Where we his awful Glories ſing.

6 In gentler Language there, the LORD,
The Counſels of his Grace imparts;

Amidſt the raging Storm, his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. First Part.

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrow removed.

1 I Will extol Thee, LORD, on high,
At thy Command Diſeaſes fly;
Who but a GOD can ſpeak and ſave,
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

2 Sing to the LORD, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodneſs is:
Let all your Pow'rs rejoice, and bleſs,
While you record his Holineſs.

3 His Anger but a Moment ſtays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-ſtar reſtores the Joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. Second Part.

Health, Sickneſs, and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
Fondly I ſaid within my Heart,
"Pleaſure and Peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine Arm was ſtrong,
Which made my Mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my GOD,
"What canſt thou profit by my Blood?
"Deep in the Duſt, can I declare
"Thy Truth, or ſing thy Goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O GOD of Grace, I ſaid,
"And bring me from among the Dead:"

Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

5 My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.

6 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n,
For Sickneſs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. First Part.

Deliverance from Death.

1 INTO thine Hand, O God of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit.

2 The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear,
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

3 "My Times are in thy Hand," I cry'd,
"Tho' I draw near the Duſt;"
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

4 O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy's ſake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
"I muſt deſpair and die,

" I am cut off before thine Eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my Cry.]

6 Thy Goodneſs! how divinely free?
How wond'rous is thy Grace!
To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes.

7 O love the LORD, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompenſe the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. Second Part.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My GOD, my Help, my Truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Duſt.

2 " My Life is ſpent with Grief," I cry'd;
" My Years conſum'd in Grones;
" My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
" And Sorrow waſtes my Bones."

3 Among mine Enemies, my Name
Was a mere Proverb grown:
While to my Neighbours, I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and Fear on ev'ry Side,
Seiz'd and beſet me round;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy Reſcue found,

PAUSE.

5 How great Deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the Sons of Men!

The lying Lips to Silence brought
And made their Boaſtings vain!

6 Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues,
Shall thy Pavilion hide;
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And cruſh the Sons of Pride.

7 Within thy ſecret Preſence, LORD,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a Saint ſo well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sins upon Confeſſion.

1 O Bleſſed Souls are they,
Whoſe Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the LORD
Imputes their Guilt no more!

2 They mourn their Follies paſt,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
Shall prove their Faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring Wound;
Till I confeſs'd my Sins to Thee,
And ready Pardon found.

4 Let Sinners learn to pray,
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
Is found in GOD alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon and ſincere Obedience: or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

1 HAPPY the Man to whom his God
No more imputes his Sin;
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood,
Hath made his Garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond Expreſſion, he
Whoſe Debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free,
He feels his Soul enlarg'd!

3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,
His Words are all ſincere,
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward Guilt ſuppreſt,
No Quiet could I find:
Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind:

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy Saints to pray;
When like a raging Flood
Temptations riſe, our Strength and Stay,
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. First Part. Long Metre.

Repentance and free Pardon: or, *Juſtification and Sanctification.*

1 BLEST is the Man, for ever bleſs'd,
Whoſe Guilt is pardon'd by his GOD,
Whoſe Sins with Sorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

2 Bleſt is the Man, to whom the LORD
Imputes not his Iniquities:
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.

3 From Guile his Heart and Lips are free;
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith ſincere.

4 How glorious is that Righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his Sins!
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and ſhines.

PSALM XXXII. Second Part. Long Metre.

A guilty Conſcience eaſed by Confeſſion and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep Silence, and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conſcience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

2 I ſpread my Sins before the LORD,
And all my ſecret Faults confeſs;
Thy Goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning Word,
Thy holy Spirit ſeals the Grace.

3 For this ſhall ev'ry humble Soul,
Make ſwift Addreſſes to thy Seat:

When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt Retreat.

4 How ſafe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM XXXIII. First Part. Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye Righteous, in the LORD,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, juſt, and true!

2 His Mercy and his Righteouſneſs,
Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace,
Reveal his wond'rous Name.

3 His Wiſdom and Almighty Word,
The heav'nly Arches ſpread:
And by the Spirit of the LORD,
Their ſhining Hoſts were made.

4 He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

5 Ye Tenants of the ſpacious Earth,
With Fear before him ſtand:
He ſpake, and Nature took its Birth,
And reſts on his Command.

6 He ſcorns the angry Nations' Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns:
His Counſel ſtands thro' ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second Part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and GOD *All-ſufficient.*

1 BLEST is the Nation, where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

2 His Eye with infinite Survey
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.

3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the Force
Of Armies, from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horſe,
Can the bold Rider ſave.

4 Vain is the Strength of Beaſts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence:
But holy Souls from GOD obtain,
A ſtrong and ſure Defence.

5 GOD is their Fear and GOD their Truſt,
When Plagues or Famine ſpread;
His watchful Eye ſecures the Juſt,
Amongſt ten thouſand Dead.

6 LORD, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And truſt thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Pſalm. Firſt Part.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy Souls, in GOD rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice;
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,

His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodneſs proves;
His Word the heav'nly Arches ſpread:
How wide they ſhine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the ſtarry Armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
(Thoſe wat'ry Treaſures know their Place)
In the vaſt Storehouſe of the Deep:
He ſpake, and gave all Nature Birth,
And Fires and Seas, and Heav'n and Earth,
His everlaſting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble, and adore
A GOD of ſuch reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands
But his eternal Counſel ſtands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Pſalm. Second Part.

Creatures vain, and GOD *All-ſufficient.*

1 O Happy Nation, where the LORD
Reveals the Treaſure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World ſurveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways;
But GOD their Maker is unknown.

2 Let Kings rely upon their Hoſt,
And of his Strength the Champion boaſt;
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely:
In vain we truſt the brutal Force,
Or Speed, or Courage of an Horſe,
To guard his Rider, or to fly.

3 The Eye of thy Compaſſion, LORD,
Doth more ſecure Defence afford,
When Death or Dangers threat'ning ſtand:
Thy watchful Eye preſerves the Juſt,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Truſt,
When Wars or Famine waſte the Land.

4 In Sickneſs or the bloody Field,
Thou our Phyſician, thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne:
We wait to ſee thy Goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in Help divine,
For all our Hope is GOD alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. Long Metre.

GOD's *Care of the Saints*: or, *Deliverance by Prayer*.

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my Days,
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

2 Come, magnify the LORD with me;
Come, let us all exalt his Name:
I ſought th' eternal GOD, and He
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

3 I told him all my ſecret Grief,
My ſecret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

4 To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heav'nly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies,
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

5 His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that ſerve the LORD:

O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taſte of his Grace and truſt his Word.

6 The wild young Lions, pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood;
But none ſhall ſeek the LORD in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. Second Part. Long Metre.

Religious Education: or, *Inſtructions of Piety.*

1 CHildren in Years, and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counſels of my Tongue;
Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.

2 If you deſire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your mortal State,
Reſtrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.

3 The Eyes of GOD regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He ſets his frowning Face againſt
The Sons of Violence and Lies.

4 To humble Souls and broken Hearts,
GOD with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts,
When Men in deep Contrition lie.

5 He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones.
They in his Praiſe employ their Breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. First Part.
Common Metre.

Prayer and Praiſe for eminent Deliverances.

1 I'LL bleſs the LORD from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways!
Ye humble Souls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praiſe.

2 Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Suff'rer cry'd;
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning Sorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs Fears aroſe,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes;

4 I told the LORD my ſore Diſtreſs,
With heavy Groans and Tears;
He gave my ſharpeſt Torments Eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O Sinners! come and taſte his Love,
Come, learn his pleaſant Ways;
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetneſs of his Grace.

6 He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell,
What Ills their heav'nly Care prevents,
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the LORD, ye Saints of his!
His Eye regards the Juſt:
How richly bleſs'd their Portion is,
Who make the LORD their Truſt!

8 Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
And famiſh in the Wood;
But GOD ſupplies his holy Poor
With ev'ry needful Good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. Second Part. Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holineſs.

1 COME, Children, learn to fear the LORD;
And that your Days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

2 Depart from Miſchief, practiſe Love,
Purſue the Works of Peace;
So ſhall the LORD your Ways approve,
And ſet your Souls at Eaſe.

3 His Eyes awake to guard the Juſt,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Duſt,
The GOD of Grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the Sorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The LORD, who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is there Supporter now.

5 Evil ſhall ſmite the Wicked dead,
But GOD ſecures his own,
Prevents the Miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

6 When Deſolation like a Flood,
O'er the proud Sinners rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their GOD,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. First Part.

Prayer and Faith of perſecuted Saints: or, *Imprecations mixed with Charity.*

1 NOW plead my Cauſe, Almighty GOD,
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight againſt the Men of Blood,
Who fight againſt my Life.

2 Draw out thy Spear, and ſtop their Way,
Lift thy avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy ſay,
"I am thy Saviour GOD."

3 They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the Deſtroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

4 Let Fogs and Darkneſs hide their Way,
And ſlipp'ry be their Ground;
Thy Wrath ſhall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.

5 They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the LORD behind,
Purſues them down to Death.

6 They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whoſe Malice is implacable
Againſt the LORD on high.

7 But if thou haſt a choſen Few
Amongſt that impious Race,
Divide them from the bloody Crew,
By thy ſurpaſſing Grace.

8 Then will I raiſe my tuneful Voice,
To make thy Wonders known:
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. 12—14. Second Part.

Love to Enemies: or, *The Love of* CHRIST *to Sinners, typified in David.*

1 BEhold! the Love, the gen'rous Love,
That holy David ſhows;
Hark, how his ſounding Bowels move,
To his afflicted Foes!

2 When they are ſick, his Soul complains,
And ſeems to feel the Smart;
The Spirit of the Goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

3 How did his flowing Tears condole,
As for a Brother dead!
And Faſting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double Bleſſings on his Head,
The righteous GOD returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
Thus CHRIST the LORD appears:
While Sinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

6 He the true David, Iſr'el's King,
Bleſt and belov'd of GOD,
To ſave us Rebels, dead in Sin,
Pay'd his own deareſt Blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD: or, *General Providence and ſpecial Grace.*

1 HIGH in the Heav'ns, eternal GOD!
Thy Goodneſs in full Glory ſhines;
Thy Truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry Cloud
That vails and darkens thy Deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy Juſtice ſtands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wiſe are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beaſt thy Bounty ſhare;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

4 My GOD! how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our Hope and Comfort ſprings!
The Sons of Adam in Diſtreſs,
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

5 From the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
We ſhall be fed with ſweet Repaſt;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taſte.

6 Life, like a Fountain rich and free
Springs from the Preſence of my LORD;
And in thy Light our Souls ſhall ſee
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

Practical Atheiſm expoſed: or, *The Being and Attributes of* GOD *aſſerted.*

1 WHILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a GOD they own,

My Heart within me often ſays,
"Their Thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their Lips profeſs)
"God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
"Nor will they ſeek his Grace."

3 What ſtrange Self-flatt'ry blinds their Eyes!
But there's an haſt'ning Hour,
When they ſhall ſee with ſore Surpriſe
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.

4 Thy Juſtice ſhall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

5 Above theſe Heav'n-created Rounds,
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend:
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds,
Where Time and Nature end.

6 Safety to Man thy Goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the Beaſt;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings,
Thy Children chooſe to reſt.

7 [From thee, when Creature-ſtreams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our Pleaſures high.

8 Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death cloſe up our Eyes,
Thy Preſence makes eternal Day,
Where Clouds can never riſe]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedneſs of Man, and the Majeſty of God: or, *Practical Atheiſm expoſed.*

1 WHEN Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of God within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes."

2 [He walks a-while conceal'd,
In a ſelf-flatt'ring Dream,
Till his dark Crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expoſe his hateful Name.]

3 His Heart is falſe and foul,
His Words are ſmooth and fair;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodneſs there.

4 He plots upon his Bed,
New Miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his Heart, his Hand, his Head,
To practiſe all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Juſtice, hid behind the Cloud,
Shall one great Day appear.

6 His Truth tranſcends the Sky;
In Heav'n his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

7 How excellent his Love!
Whence all our Safety ſprings:
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings!

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. First Part.

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulneſs and Unbelief: or, *The Rewards of the Righteous, and the Wicked:* or, *The World's Hatred, and the Saints Patience.*

1 WHY ſhould I vex my Soul, and fret
To ſee the Wicked riſe?
Or envy Sinners, waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

2 As flow'ry Graſs cut down at Noon,
Before the Ev'ning fades,
So ſhall their Glories vaniſh ſoon
In everlaſting Shades.

3 Then let me make the LORD my Truſt,
And practiſe all that's good;
So ſhall I dwell among the Juſt,
And he'll provide me Food.

4 I to my GOD my Ways commit,
And cheerful wait his Will;
Thy Hand which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Deſires fulfil.

5 Mine Innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

6 The Meek, at laſt, the Earth poſſeſs,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n:
True Riches with abundant Peace
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Reſt in the LORD, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger riſe,
Tho' Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty Vice.

8 Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and ſome;
The LORD derides them, for he ſees
Their Day of Veng'ance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To ſlay the Men that fear the LORD,
And bring the Righteous low.

10 My GOD ſhall break their Bows, and burn
Their perſecuting Darts;
Shall their own Swords againſt them turn,
And Pain ſurpriſe their Hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. Second Part.

Charity to the Poor: or, *Religion in Words and Deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy Wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt Portion of the Juſt,
Excels the Sinners Gold.

2 The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The Saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.

3 His Alms, with lib'ral Heart, he gives
Amongſt the Sons of Need;
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
And bleſſed is his Seed.

4 His Lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learn'd of GOD.

5 The Law and Goſpel of the LORD,
Deep in his Heart abide;

Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His Feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When Sinners fall, the Righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from ev'ry Snare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. Third Part.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 MY God, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy Hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their Ways,
Their Virtues he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

3 The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home:
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Bleſſings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their Pride was vain,
When Juſtice caſts them down.

Pause.

5 The haughty Sinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing Men nor God,
Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vaniſh'd from the Ground,
Deſtroy'd by Hands unſeen;

Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found,
Where all that Pride had been.

7 But mark the Man of Righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral Steps attend;
True Pleaſure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conſcience and Relief: or, *Repentance and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

1 AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love;
Reſtore thy Servant, LORD;
Nor let a Father's Chaſt'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

2 Thine Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
My Fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart,
My Spirit finds no Reſt.

3 My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day,
Beneath my Father's Frown.

5 LORD, I am weak, and broken ſore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;
The inward Anguiſh makes me rore,
The Anguiſh of my Soul.

6 All my Deſire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts ev'ry Tear,
And ev'ry Sigh, and ev'ry Groan
Is nótic'd by thine Ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only Hope;
My God will hear my Cry,
My God will bear my Spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My Foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My Foes rejoic'd to ſee't;
They raiſe their Pleaſure and their Pride,
When they ſupplant my Feet.

9 But I'll confeſs my Guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my Sin;
I'll mourn how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support divine.

10 My God, forgive my Follies paſt,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation, haſte,
Before thy Servant die!]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. First Part.

Watchfulneſs over the Tongue: or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my Tongue,
"Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful Word,
"Or do my Neighbour Wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er conſtrain'd to ſtay
With Men of Lives profane,
I'll ſet a double Guard that Day,
Nor let my Talk be vain.

3 I'll ſcarce allow my Lips to ſpeak
The pious Thoughts I feel,
Leſt Scoffers ſhould th' Occaſion take,
To mock my holy Zeal.

4 Yet if ſome proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing Sinners hear,
That I can ſpeak for GOD.

PSALM XXXIX. 4—7. Second Part.

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame!
I would ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

3 See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their Noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh, or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my GOD my All.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. Third Part.

Sick-Bed Devotion: or, *Pleading without Repining.*

1 GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy Servants, LORD;
They come at thy Command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
"Remove thy ſharp Rebukes?"
My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand,
We molder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our Beauty's loſt.

5 [This mortal Life decays apace,
How ſoon the Bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous Race,
Are Vanity and Smoke.

6 I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear.

7 But if my Life be ſpar'd awhile,
Before my laſt Remove,
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my Buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy Love.]

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part. Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Diſtreſs.

I Waited patient for the LORD,
He bow'd to hear my Cry:
He ſaw me reſting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

3 Firm on a Rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful Tongue,
To praiſe the Wonders of his Hand,
In a new thankful Song.

4 I'll ſpread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy ſhall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my GOD,
Their only Hope and Fear.

5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love!
Thy Mercies, LORD, how great!
We have not Words, nor Hours enough,
Their Numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of CHRIST.

1 THUS ſaith the LORD, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your Burnt-off'rings o'er;
"In dying Goats and Bullocks ſlain
"My Soul delights no more."

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
" My GOD, to do thy Will;
" Whate'er thy ſacred Books declare,
" Thy Servant ſhall fulfil.

3 " Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
" I keep it near my Heart;
" Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
" To what thy Lips impart."

4 And ſee, the bleſt Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed Time aſſumes
The Body GOD prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he ſhew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteouſneſs,
Where great Aſſemblies ſtood.

6 His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part,
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No Blood of Beaſts, on Altars ſhed,
Could waſh the Conſcience clean;
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great Salvation ſpread,
And Satan's Kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed,
The Serpent's Head was broke.

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

CHRIST *our Sacrifice.*

1 THE Wonders, LORD, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praiſe, ſurmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

2 No Blood of Beaſts on Altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our Eyes,
An all-ſufficient Sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
To thy Deſires he bows his Ears;
Aſſumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work ſo hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
"Of Sins, and do thy Will, my GOD.

5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's Part;
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy Law,
"And Rebels to Obedience draw,
"When on my Croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my Crown above the Sky:

7 "The Spirit ſhall deſcend, and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring World ſhall learn thy Grace,
"Thy Wiſdom, and thy Righteouſneſs."

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor: or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

1 BLEST is the Man whose Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor;
Whose Soul by sympathizing Love,
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

2 His Heart contrives, for their Relief,
More Good than his own Hands can do;
He, in the Time of gen'ral Grief,
Shall find the LORD has Bowels too.

3 His Soul shall live secure on Earth,
With secret Blessings on his Head,
When Drought, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his Couch,
GOD will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.

PSALM XLII. 1—5. First Part.

Desertion and Hope: or, *Complaint of Absence from public Worship.*

1 WITH earnest Longings of the Mind,
My GOD, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find,
And taste the cooling Brook.

2 When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,
And meet my GOD again?
So long an Absence from thy Face
My Heart endures with Pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast;

The

The Foe conſults without Controul,
" And where's your GOD at laſt?"

4 'Tis with a mournful Pleaſure, now,
I think on ancient Days:
Then, to thy Houſe did Numbers go,
And all our Work was Praiſe.

5 But why's my Soul ſunk down ſo far
Beneath this heavy Load?
Why do my Thoughts indulge Deſpair,
And ſin againſt my GOD?

6 Hope in the LORD, whoſe mighty Hand
Can all my Woes remove;
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand,
And ſing reſtoring Love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. Second Part.

Melancholy Thoughts reproved: or, *Hope in Affliction.*

1 MY Spirit ſinks within me, LORD,
But I will call thy Name to mind,
And Times of paſt Diſtreſs record,
When I have found my GOD was kind.

2 Huge Troubles with tumultuous Noiſe
Swell like a Sea, and round me ſpread;
Thy Water-ſpouts drown all my Joys,
And riſing Waves roll o'er my Head.

3 Yet will the LORD command his Love,
When I addreſs his Throne by Day;
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his Feet,
And ſay, " My GOD, my heav'nly Rock!
" Why doth thy Love ſo long forget
" The Soul that grones beneath thy Stroke?"

5 I'll chide my Heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my Soul indulge her Grief?
Hope in the LORD, and praiſe him too;
He is my Reſt, my ſure Relief.

6 Thy Light and Truth ſhall guide me ſtill;
Thy Word ſhall my beſt Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill,
My GOD, my moſt exceeding Joy!

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.

2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.

3 In GOD they boaſted all the Day;
And in a cheerful Throng
Did Thouſands meet to praiſe and pray;
And Grace was all their Song.

4 But now our Souls are ſeiz'd with Shame,
Confuſion fills our Face,
To hear the Enemy blaſpheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our GOD,
Nor falſly dealt with Heav'n;
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
Of Duty thou haſt giv'n;

6 Tho' Dragons all around us rore
With their deſtructive Breath,

And thine own Hand has bruis'd us ſore,
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cauſe,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By ſharp and bloody Laws.

8 Awake, ariſe, Almighty LORD!
Why ſleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why ſhould we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy Face?

9 Wilt thou for ever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thy heav'nly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

10 Down to the Duſt our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Riſe for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our GOD;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre. Firſt Part.

The Glory of CHRIST; *the Succeſs of the Goſpel; and the Gentile Church.*

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are divine;
Thy Lips with Bleſſings overflow;
And ev'ry Grace is thine.

2 Now make thy Glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,

And ride in Majeſty to ſpread
The Conqueſts of thy Word.

3 Strike thro' thy ſtubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t' obey;
While Juſtice, Meekneſs, Grace and Truth,
Attend thy glorious Way.

4 Thy Laws, O GOD, are right;
Thy Throne ſhall ever ſtand:
And thy victorious Goſpel proves
A Scepter in thy Hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy GOD
Hath without Meaſure ſhed
His Spirit, like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy ſacred Head.]

6 [Behold at thy right Hand
The Gentile Church is ſeen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

7 Fair Bride, receive his Love:
Forget thy Father's Houſe;
Forſake thy Gods, thy Idol-gods,
And pay thy LORD thy Vows.

8 O let thy GOD and King
Thy ſweeteſt Thoughts employ!
Thy Children ſhall his Honour ſing
In Palaces of Joy.

PSALM XLV. First Part. Common Metre.

The perſonal Glories and Government of CHRIST.

1 I'LL ſpeak the Honours of my King:
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the LORD compare.

2 Sweet is thy Speech, and heav'nly Grace
Upon thy Lips is ſhed:
Thy GOD with Bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred Head.

3 Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majeſtic Sway:
Thy Terror ſhall ſtrike thro' thy Foes,
And make the World obey.

4 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands;
Thy Word of Grace ſhall prove,
A peaceful Scepter in thy Hands,
To rule thy Saints by Love.

5 Juſtice and Truth attend thee ſtill,
But Mercy is thy Choice;
And GOD, thy GOD, thy Soul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Glory of CHRIST, *and Power of his Goſpel.*

1 NOW be my Heart inſpir'd to ſing
The Glories of my Saviour-King,
JESUS the LORD; how heav'nly fair
His Form! how bright his Beauties are!

2 O'er all the Sons of human Race
He ſhines with a ſuperior Grace;
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Bleſſings all his State compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in Arms, moſt mighty LORD!
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword!
In Majeſty and Glory ride,
With Truth and Meekneſs at thy Side.

4 Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of ſtubborn Heart:

Or Words of Mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands;
Grace is the Scepter in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right;
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.

6 GOD, thine own GOD, has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the Reſt.

PSALM XLV. Second Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST *and his Church:* or, *The Myſtical Marriage.*

1 THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from Above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

2 At his right Hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold:
The World admires her heav'nly Dreſs;
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her Beauties like his own;
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State;

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the Fav'rite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy LORD.

5 O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a num'rous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign.

6 Let endleſs Honours crown his Head;
Let ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſpread;
While we, with cheerful Songs, approve
The Condeſcenſions of his Love.

PSALM XLVI. Firſt Part.

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Deſolations.

1 GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of ſharp Diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him preſent with his Aid.

2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there:
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid World,
Our Faith ſhall never yield to Fear.

3 Loud may the troubled Ocean rore,
In ſacred Peace our Souls abide;
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling Tide.

4 There is a Stream, whoſe gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our GOD:
Life, Love and Joy, ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

5 That ſacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promiſes afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. Second Part.

GOD *fights for his Church.*

1 LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms riſe;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

2 The LORD of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's GOD is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought!
What Deſolations he has made!

3 From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe:
When from on high his Thunder rores,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

4 He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am GOD;
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad;
"But ſtill my Throne in Sion ſtands."

6 O LORD of Hoſts, Almighty King!
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

CHRIST *Aſcending and Reigning.*

1 O For a Shout of ſacred Joy
To GOD the Sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.

2 JESUS, our GOD, aſcends on high!
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him riſing thro' the Sky
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

3 While Angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains:
Let all the Earth his Honour ſing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his Praiſe with Awe profound;
Let Knowledge lead the Song;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn Sound,
Upon a thoughtleſs Tongue.

5 In Iſr'el ſtood his ancient Throne;
He lov'd that choſen Race:
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taſte his Grace.

6 The Britiſh Iſlands are the LORD's,
There Abraham's GOD is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. First Part.

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 [GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his Praiſe be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His moſt delightful Seat.

2 Theſe Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land]

3 In Sion GOD is known,
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;

How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces!

4 When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the LORD was there,
In wild confuſion of the Mind
They fled with haſty Fear.

5 When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our GOD ſecures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And ſeek Deliv'rance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. Second Part.

The Beauty of the Church: or, *Gospel Worſhip and Order.*

1 FAR as thy Name is known,
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O LORD, before thy Throne,
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.

2 With Joy let Judah ſtand
On Sion's choſen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.

3 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,

Compaſs and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well,

4 The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court,
The cheerful Songs, the ſolemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.

5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

6 The GOD we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our GOD while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Pride and Death: or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Inſolence and Pride,
To ſee his Wealth and Honours flow
With ev'ry riſing Tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame Clay,
And boaſt as tho' his Fleſh was born
Of better Duſt than they?]

3 Not all his Treaſures can procure
His Soul a ſhort Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

4 [Life is a Bleſſing can't be ſold,
The Ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold
That Man may never die.]

5 He ſees the Brutiſh and the Wiſe,
The Tim'rous and the Brave,
Quit their Poſſeſſions, cloſe their Eyes,
And haſten to the Grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
" My Houſe ſhall ever ſtand:
" And that my Name may long abide,
" I'll give it to my Land."

7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are loſt;
How ſoon his Mem'ry dies!
His Name is written in the Duſt
Where his own Carcaſs lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the Folly of their Way;
And yet their Sons, as vain,
Approve the Words their Fathers ſay,
And act their Works again.

9 Men void of Wiſdom and of Grace,
If Honour raiſe them high,
Live like the Beaſt, a thoughtleſs Race,
And like the Beaſt they die.

10 [Laid in the Grave like ſilly Sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt Trumpet breaks their Sleep,
In Terror and Deſpair.]

PSALM XLIX. 14, 15. Second Part.
Common Metre.

Death and the Reſurrection.

1 YE Sons of Pride, that hate the Juſt,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Duſt,
Your Pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great Day ſhall change the Scene;
When will that Hour appear?
When ſhall the Juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked Soul receive,
When ſep'rate from the Fleſh;
And break the Priſon of the Grave,
To raiſe my Bones afreſh.

4 Heav'n is my everlaſting Home:
Th' Inheritance is ſure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage reſume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The Rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Reſurrection.

1 WHY do the Proud inſult the Poor,
And boaſt the large Eſtates they have?
How vain are Riches to ſecure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

2 They can't redeem one Hour from Death,
With all the Wealth in which they truſt;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When God commands him down to Duſt.

3 There the dark Earth and diſmal Shade
Shall claſp their naked Bodies round;
That Fleſh ſo delicately fed,
Lies cold, and molders in the Ground.

4 Like thoughtleſs Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat;
The Saints ſhall in the Morning riſe,
And find th' Oppreſſor at their Feet.

5 His Honours periſh in the Duſt,
And Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood:

That glorious Day exalts the Juſt
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

6 My Saviour ſhall my Life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark Abode:
My Fleſh and Soul ſhall part no more;
But dwell for ever near my GOD.

PSALM L. 1—6. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

The laſt Judgment: or, *The Saints rewarded.*

1 THE LORD, the Judge, before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh:
The Nations near the riſing Sun,
And near the Weſtern Sky.

2 No more ſhall bold Blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

3 Thron'd on a Cloud our GOD ſhall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way;
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.

4 Heav'n from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come;
And Earth and Hell ſhall know and fear
His Juſtice and their Doom.

5 "But gather all my Saints," he cries,
"That made their Peace with GOD
"By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
"And ſeal'd it with his Blood.

6 "Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light,
"Shall make the World confeſs
"My Sentence of Reward is right,
"And Heav'n adore my Grace."

PSALM L. ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second Part.
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1 THUS ſaith the LORD, "The ſpacious Fields,
" And Flocks and Herds are mine;
" O'er all the Cattle of the Hills,
" I claim a Right divine.

2 " I aſk no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
" Is all that I require.

3 " Call upon Me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand ſhall ſet thee free;
" Then ſhall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to Me.

4 " The Man that offers humble Praiſe,
" He glorifies me beſt:
" And thoſe that tread my holy Ways,
" Shall my Salvation taſte."

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. Third Part.
Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN CHRIST to Judgment ſhall deſcend,
And Saints ſurround their LORD,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

2 " Not for the Want of Bullocks ſlain
" Will I the World reprove;
" Altars and Rites and Forms are vain,
" Without the Fire of Love.

3 " And what have Hypocrites to do
" To bring their Sacrifice?
" They call my Statutes juſt and true,
" But deal in Theft and Lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'ſcape my Sight,
" And ſin without Controul?
" But I ſhall bring your Crimes to Light,
" With Anguiſh in your Soul."

5 Conſider ye, that ſlight the LORD,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocriſy expoſed.

1 THE LORD, the Judge, his Churches warns;
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Ho e in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

2 Vile Wretches dare rehearſe his Name,
With Lips of Falſhood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuſe his Grace.

4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Luſt, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practiſe ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to GOD.

5 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin the more;

They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

6 O dreadful Hour! When God draws near,
And ſets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls ſhall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM L. To a new Tune.

The laſt Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign, ſends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nations, and awakes the North:
From Eaſt to Weſt the ſounding Orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant Worlds, and Regions of the Dead:
No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay:
His Veng'ance ſleeps no more: Behold the Day!

2 Behold the Judge deſcends, his Guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky;
Heav'n, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things come,
To hear his Juſtice, and the Sinners Doom:
But gather firſt my Saints, (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands.

3 Behold my Cov'nant ſtands for ever good
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, [Jew,
And ſign'd with all their Names; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient Worſhip or the new,
There's no Diſtinction here; Come, ſpread their Thrones,
And near me ſeat my Fav'rites and my Sons.

4 I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
My juſt eternal Sentence, and declare
Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire:
I doom thee, painted Hypocrite, to Fire.

5 Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee: Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love. In vain the Store
Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed;
Flocks, Herds and Fields, and Foreſts were they
[feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I aſk thee Food?
When did I thirſt, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy ſolemn Chatt'rings and fantaſtic Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold,
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?
[pleaſe

7 Unthinking Wretch! How couldſt thou hope to
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue,
Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother Wrong!
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adult'rers are thy choſen Friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring Love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
That God the Righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works
[amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Leſt, like a Lion his laſt Veng'ance tear
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of Glory ſends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nations, and awakes the North:
From Eaſt to Weſt his ſov'reign Orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.

The Trumpet ſounds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voices.

2 No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay;
His Veng'ance ſleeps no more: Behold the Day!
Behold the Judge deſcends; his Guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky.

When God appears, all Nature ſhall adore him:
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, draw near: Let all [Things come,
"To hear my Juſtice and the Sinner's Doom;
"But gather firſt my Saints; (the Judge com- [mands)
"Bring them, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands."

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful Paſſion;
And ſhout, ye Saints! he comes for your Salvation.

4 "Behold! my Cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, [Jew!
"And ſign'd with all their Names; the Greek the
"That paid the ancient Worſhip or the new."

There's no Diſtinction here, join all your Voices,
And raiſe your Heads, ye Saints, for Heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here (ſaith the Lord) ye Angels, ſpread their [Thrones,
"And near me ſeat my Fav'rites and my Sons,

" Come, my Redeem'd, poſſeſs the Joys prepar'd
" Ere Time began; 'tis your divine Reward."

When CHRIST returns, wake ev'ry cheerful Paſſion;
And ſhout, ye Saints! he comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the Firſt.

6 " I am the SAVIOUR, I th' Almighty GOD;
" I am the Judge Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My juſt eternal Sentence, and declare
" Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear."

When GOD appears, all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

7 " Stand forth, thou bold Blaſphemer, and profane,
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threat'nings vain:
" Thou Hypocrite, once dreſt in Saints' Attire,
" I doom thee, painted Hypocrite, to Fire."

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voices.

8 " Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain
" Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain.
" Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
" Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before."

Earth is the LORD's all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

9 " If I were hungry, would I aſk thee Food?
" When did I thirſt or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds and Fields, and Foreſts where they feed."

All is the LORD's, he rules the wide Creation;
Gives Sinners Veng'ance, and the Saints Salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
"Thy ſolemn Chatt'rings and fantaſtic Vows?
"Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold,
"Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?"
GOD is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Veng'ance riſes.

PAUSE the Second.

11 "Unthinking Wretch! How couldſt thou hope to [pleaſe
"A GOD, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe?
"While with my Grace and Statutes on thy [Tongue,
"Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother Wrong?"
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voices.

12 "In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends;
"Thieves and Adult'rers are thy choſen Friends;
"While the falſe Flatt'rer at my Altar waits,
"His harden'd Soul divine Inſtruction hates."
GOD is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Veng'ance riſes.

13 "Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring Love:
"But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
"And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
"That the All-holy would indulge thy Sin?"
See GOD appears, all Nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
"And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.
"Now like a Lion ſhall my Veng'ance tear
"Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliv'rer near."

Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

" Sinners awake betimes; ye Fools be wiſe;
" Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe: [amend
" Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works
" Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend."

Then join the Saints, wake ev'ry cheerful Paſſion;
When CHRIST returns he comes for your Salvation.

PSALM LI. First Part. Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHEW Pity, LORD; O LORD, forgive;
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner truſt in Thee?

2 My Crimes are great, but don't ſurpaſs
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace;
Great GOD! thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

3 O waſh my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conſcience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And paſt Offences pain my Eyes.

4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confeſs,
Againſt thy Law, againſt thy Grace;
LORD, ſhould thy Judgments grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.

5 Should ſudden Veng'ance ſeize my Breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in Death;

And if my Soul were ſent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

6 Yet ſave a trembling Sinner, LORD,
Whoſe Hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on ſome ſweet Promiſe there,
Some ſure Support againſt Deſpair.

PSALM LI. Second Part. Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confeſſed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts his Race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death:
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

3 [Great GOD, create my Heart anew,
And form my Spirit pure and true;
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

4 Behold, I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leproſy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaſt,
Nor Hyſſop Branch, nor ſprinkling Prieſt,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can waſh the diſmal Stain away.

6 JESUS, my GOD! thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No Jewiſh Types could cleanſe me ſo.

7 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. Third Part. Long Metre.

The Backslider restored: or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* CHRIST.

1 O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry!
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light;
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thy holy Joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 A broken Heart, my GOD, my King!
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The GOD of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

6 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just;
Look down! O LORD, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then

7 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning GOD.

8 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD, my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

PSALM LI. 3—13. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confeſſed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore Diſtreſs
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high my Crimes ariſe!

2 Should'ſt thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And cruſh my Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Veng'ance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

3 I from the Stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin.

4 Born in a World of Guilt, I drew
Contagion with my Breath;
And as my Days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter Prey for Death.

5 Cleanſe me, O LORD, and cheer my Soul
With thy forgiving Love:
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;

Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

7 Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to GOD again.

PSALM LI. 14—17. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of CHRIST.

1 O GOD of Mercy, hear my Call
My Load of Guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

2 Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.

3 No Blood of Goats nor Heifer ſlain,
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of CHRIST ſhall ſtill remain,
Sufficient, and alone.

4 A Soul oppreſt with Sin's Deſert,
My GOD will ne'er deſpiſe;
An humble Groan, a broken Heart,
Is our beſt Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Perſecution.

1 ARE all the Foes of Sion Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?

2 They ſhall be ſeiz'd with ſad Surpriſe;
For GOD's avenging Arm,

Scatters the Bones of them that riſe
To do his Children Harm.

3 In vain the Sons of Satan boaſt
Of Armies in Array;
When GOD has firſt diſpers'd their Hoſt,
They fall an eaſy Prey,

4 O for a Word from Sion's King,
Her Captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all the Tribes ſhall ſing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16—18, 22. Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O GOD, my Refuge! hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears;
For Earth and Hell my Hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my Fears.

2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
To ſhake my Hope in GOD.

3 With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with ev'ry Breath:
Horror and Fear beſet me round,
Amongſt the Shades of Death.

4 O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all theſe reſtleſs Things.

5 Let me to ſome wild Deſert go,
And find a peaceful Home;
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all,
To 'ſcape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty GOD on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By Morning Light I'll ſeek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry:
The Night ſhall hear me aſk his Grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 GOD ſhall preſerve my Soul from Fear
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand Angels muſt appear,
If he command their Aid.

9 I caſt my Burdens on the LORD,
The LORD ſuſtains them all;
My Courage reſts upon his Word,
That Saints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt Hopes ſhall not be vain;
My Lips ſhall ſpread his Praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful Men
Scarce live out half their Days.

PSALM LV. ver. 15—17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous Proſperity: or, *Daily Devotion encouraged.*

1 LET Sinners take their Courſe,
And chooſe the Road to Death;
But in the Worſhip of my GOD,
I'll ſpend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts addreſs his Throne,
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſing ev'ry Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal God!
While Sinners periſh in Surpriſe
Beneath thine angry Rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at Eaſe,
And no ſad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

5 But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my Burden on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.

6 His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety ſtands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppreſſion and Falſhood: or, God's *Care of his People, in anſwer to Faith and Prayer.*

1 O Thou! whoſe Juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppreſſor ceaſe;
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace.

2 The Sons of Violence and Lies,
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers riſe,
My Refuge is thy Word.

3 In God moſt holy, juſt, and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Fleſh can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

4 They wreſt my Words to Miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Miſchief doth all their Counſels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

5 Shall they eſcape without thy Frown?
Muſt their Devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand!

PAUSE.

6 GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;
Thou haſt a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

7 When to thy Throne I raiſe my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is Pray'r to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me,

8 In Thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

9 Thy ſolemn Vows are on me, LORD,
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe;
I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy word?
"How righteous all thy Ways!"

10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death;
O ſet thy Pris'ner free:
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundleſs Love and Grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings,
Till the Dark Cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the Heav'ns I ſend my Cry,
The Lord will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angels from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning Storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

4 My Heart is fix'd: my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to ſound his Praiſe,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;
His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell,
Thy Pow'rs on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous Cauſe,
When th' injur'd Poor before you ſtand?

Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold and Greatneſs bribe your Hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That GOD will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the Rights of GOD,
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.

3 A poiſon'd Arrow is your Tongue,
The Arrow ſharp, the Poiſon ſtrong,
And Death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no Counſels, Cries, or Tears;
So the deaf Adder ſtops her Ears
Againſt the Pow'r of charming Sounds.

4 Break out their Teeth, eternal GOD!
Thoſe Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And cruſh the Serpents in the Duſt:
As empty Chaff, when Whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping Tempeſt flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be loſt.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run,
Or Snails that periſh in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never ſee the Sun.

6 Thus ſhall the Veng'ance of the LORD,
Safety and Joy to Saints afford:
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a GOD that rules on high,
"A GOD that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Diſappointments in War

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the Nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

2 The Terror of one Frown of thine,
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter, drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Diſmay.

3 Great Britain ſhakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning Hand;
O heal the Iſland thou haſt broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

4 Lift up a Banner in the Field,
For thoſe that fear thy Name;
Save thy Beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.

5 Go with our Armies to the Fight,
Like a confed'rate GOD;
In vain confed'rate Pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted Rod.

6 Our Troops ſhall gain a wide Renown,
By thine aſſiſting Hand;
'Tis GOD that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

Safety in GOD

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies,
Helpleſs and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head;
And make the Covert of thy Wings,
My Shelter and my Shade.

3 Within thy Preſence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the Lot
Of thoſe that fear thy Name;
If endleſs Life be their Reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXII. 5—12.

No Truſt in the Creatures: or, *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

1 MY Spirit looks to GOD alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
GOD is our all-ſufficient Aid.

3 Falſe are the Men of high Degree,
The baſer Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance, both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air,

4 Make not increaſing Gold your Truſt,
Nor ſet your Hearts on glitt'ring Duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what GOD has ſpoke?

5 Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,

"All Pow'r is his eternal Due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted to."

6 For ſov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, mighty LORD!
Shall well divide our laſt Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. Firſt Patr. Common Metre.

The Morning of a LORD's *Day.*

1 EARLY, my GOD, without Delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy Face:
My thirſty Spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering Grace.

2 So Pilgrims on the ſcorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy Glory, and thy Pow'r,
Thro' all thy Temple ſhine;
My GOD, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Viſion ſo divine!

4 Not all the Bleſſings of a Feaſt,
Can pleaſe my Soul ſo well,
As when thy richer Grace I taſte,
And in thy Preſence dwell.

5 Not Life itſelf, with all her Joys,
Can my beſt Paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

6 Thus, till my laſt expiring Day,
I'll bleſs my GOD and King;

Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. Second Part.

Common Metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the Watches of the Night,
I thought upon thy Pow'r;
I kept thy lovley Face in Sight,
Amidſt the darkeſt Hour.

2 My Fleſh lay reſting on my Bed;
My Soul aroſe on high;
"My God, my Life, my Hope," I ſaid,
"Bring thy Salvation nigh."

3 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heav'nly Road:
But thy right Hand upholds me ſtill,
While I purſue my God.

4 Thy Mercy ſtretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid;
My Tongue awakes and ſings.

5 But the Deſtroyers of my Peace,
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my Sins be ſlain.

6 Thy Sword ſhall give my Foes to Death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longings after GOD: or, *The Love of* GOD *better than Life.*

1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim;
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt.
The Glories that compoſe thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my GOD!
And I am thine by ſacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

3 With Heart, and Eyes, and lifted Hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As Travellers in thirſty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

4 With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and ſeek thy Face;
Oft have I ſeen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of ſov'reign Grace.

5 Not Fruits, nor Wines that tempt our Taſte,
Nor all the Joys our Senſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful Paſſions ſo.

6 My Life itſelf without thy Love,
No Taſte of Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the LORD.

7 Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night,
When buſy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreſhment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe;
This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And ſpend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking GOD.

1 MY GOD, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taſte thy Love divine.

2 My thirſty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore;
Not Travellers, in deſert Lands,
Can pant for Water more.

3 Within thy Churches LORD.
I long to find a Place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

4 For Life without thy Love,
No Reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the LORD.

5 To Thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praiſe Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feaſt,
Such Food or Pleaſure give.

6 In wakeful Hours of Night,
I call my GOD to mind;
I think how wiſe thy Counſels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

7 Since Thou haſt been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,

And on thy watchful Providence,
My cheerful Hope relies.

8 The Shadow of thy Wings,
My Soul in Safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my Steps.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

Public Prayer and Praiſe.

1 THE Praiſe of Sion waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praiſe becomes thy Houſe:
There ſhall thy Saints thy Glory ſee,
And there perform their public Vows.

2 O Thou, whoſe Mercy bends the Skies
To ſave, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to thee ſhall lift their Eyes,
And Iſlands of the Northern Sea.

3 Againſt my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace ſhall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of CHRIST will never fail
To waſh my Garments white again.

4 Bleſt is the Man whom thou ſhalt chooſe,
And give him kind Acceſs to Thee;
Give him a Place within thy Houſe,
To taſte thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel prepare for long Diſtreſs,
When Sion's GOD himſelf arrays
In Terror, and in Righteouſneſs.

6 With dreadful Glory GOD fulfils,
What his afflicted Saints requeſt;

And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love, to give his Churches Reſt.

7 Then ſhall the flocking Nations run
To Sion's Hill, and own their LORD;
The riſing and the ſetting Sun.
Shall ſee the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. Second Part. Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea: or, *The* GOD *of Nature and Grace.*

1 THE GOD of our Salvation hears,
The Groans of Sion mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Deſigns,
Thro' all the Way his Terror ſhines.

2 On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remoteſt Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known,
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the Flood,
Addreſs their frighted Souls to GOD;
When Tempeſts rage, and Billows rore,
A dreadful Diſtance from the Shore.

4 He bids the noiſy Tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging Croud to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.

5 Whole Kingdoms, ſhaken by the Storm,
He ſettles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his Hand,
Firm on their old Foundation ſtand.

6 Behold his Enſigns ſweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze and Lightnings fly,

The Heathen Lands, with ſwift Surpriſe,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

7 At his Command, the Morning Ray
Smiles in the Eaſt, and leads the Day:
He guides the Sun's declinings Wheels,
Over the Tops of Weſtern Hills.

8 Seaſons and Times obey his Voice;
The Ev'ning and the Morn rejoice,
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Show'rs.
Laden with Fruit, and dreſt in Flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high,
He gives the thirſty Ground ſupply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpenſe.

10 The Deſert grows a fruitful Field;
Abundant Food the Vallies yield;
The Vallies ſhout with cheerful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

11 The Paſtures ſmile in green Array;
There Lambs and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle, and the Lamb,
Each in his Language ſpeaks thy Name.

12 Thy Works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry Field thy Glories ſhine:
Thro' ev'ry Month thy Gifts appear;
Great GOD! thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. First Part. Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing GOD, *and the Gentiles called.*

1 PRAISE waits in Sion, LORD, for thee;
There ſhall our Vows be paid:
Thou haſt an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Fleſh ſhall ſeek thine Aid;

2 LORD, our Iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning Grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill,
To conquer ev'ry Sin.

3 Bleſt are the Men whom thou wilt chooſe,
To bring them near thy Face;
Give them a Dwelling in thine Houſe,
To feaſt upon thy Grace.

4 In anſw'ring what thy Church requeſts,
Thy Truth and Terror ſhine
And Works of dreadful Righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind Deſign.

5 Thus ſhall the wond'ring Nations ſee,
The LORD is good and juſt:
And diſtant Iſlands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, LORD,
When Signs in Heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy Word.
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Providence of GOD *in Air, Earth, and Sea:* or,
The Bleſſing of Rain.

1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains ſtand,
GOD of eternal Pow'r!
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy Morning Light, and Ev'ning Shade,
Succeſſive Comforts bring;
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harveſt glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.

3 Seaſons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth, and Air are thine;
When Clouds diſtil in fruitful Show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring Ciſterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
With wat'ry Treaſures well ſupply
The Furrows of the Ground.

5 The thirſty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Bleſſings ſtill,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. Third Part. Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Spring: or, GOD *gives Rain.*

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care;
Viſits the Paſtures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.

2 The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command,
Their wat'ry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To cheer the thirſty Land.

3 The ſoften'd Ridges of the Field,
Permit the Corn to ſpring;
The Vallies rich Proviſion yield,
And the poor Lab'rers ſing.

4 The little Hills, on ev'ry Side,
Rejoice at falling Show'rs;
The Meadows, dreſs'd in all their Pride,
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

5 The barren Clods refreſh'd with Rain,
Promiſe a joyful Crop;
The parched Grounds look green again,
And raiſe the Reaper's Hope.

6 The various Months thy Goodneſs crowns;
How bounteous are thy Ways!
The bleating Flocks ſpread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds ſhout thy Praiſe.

PSALM LXVI. First Part.

Governing Power and Goodneſs: or, *Our Graces tried by Afflictions.*

1 SING, all ye Nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record,
His Honours, and your Joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that ſhakes the Sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
"Sinners before thy Preſence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow."

3 [Come, ſee the Wonders of our GOD,
How glorious are his Ways!
In Moſes' Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While Iſr'el paſs'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their GOD.]

5 He rules by his reſiſtleſs Might;
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

6 O bleſs our GOD, and never ceaſe;
Ye Saints fulfil his Praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

7 LORD, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces ſhine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry Deeps and fiery Ways,
We march at thy Command;
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20. Second Part.

Praiſe to GOD *for hearing Prayers.*

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long Requeſts I made,
In my diſtreſsful Hour,

2 My Lips and cheerful Heart prepare,
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly Aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

4 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The LORD had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.

5 But GOD, (his Name be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my Spirit free,

Nor turn'd from him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Proſperity and the Church's Increaſe.

1 SHINE, mighty GOD! on Britain ſhine,
With Beams of heav'nly Grace;
Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.

2 [Amidſt our Iſle exalted high,
Do thou our Glory ſtand;
And like a Wall of guardian Fire
Surround thy fav'rite Land.]

3 When ſhall thy Name from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And diſtant Nations know and love,
Their Saviour and their GOD?

4 Sing to the LORD, ye diſtant Lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn Voice;
While Britiſh Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And Britiſh Hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great LORD, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the World he made,
In Juſtice and in Love.

6 Earth ſhall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe;
Our GOD will crown his choſen Iſle,
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

7 GOD the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here;
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound,
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. First Part. ver. 1—6, 32—35.

The Vengeance and Compaſſion of GOD.

1 LET GOD ariſe in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight;
As Smoke that ſought to cloud the Skies,
Before the riſing Tempeſt flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Juſtice and Veng'ance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire,
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the Sky;
His Name JEHOVAH ſounds on high:
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.

4 The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
Fly to his Aid in ſharp Diſtreſs!
In him the Poor and Helpleſs find,
A Judge that's juſt, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners ſee the Light again;
But Rebels that diſpute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and Thrones to GOD belong;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wond'rous Names and Power's rehearſe;
His Honours ſhall enrich your Verſe.

7 He ſhakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms;
How terrible is GOD in Arms!
In Iſr'el are his Mercies known,
Iſr'el is his peculiar Throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Reſt:
When Terrors riſe, and Nations faint,
God is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. Second Part. ver. 17, 18.

Christ's Aſcenſion and the Gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky:
Thoſe heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

2 Not Sinai's Mountain could appear,
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And ſtruck the choſen Tribes with Awe,

3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That thouſand Souls had captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel Men,
That God might dwell on Earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. Third Part. ver. 19, 9, 20—22.

Praiſe for Temporal Bleſſings: or, *Common and ſpecial Mercies.*

1 WE bleſs the Lord, the Juſt, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food:
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

2 He ſends the Sun his Circuit round,
To cheer the Fruits, to warm the Ground;

He

He bids the Clouds, with plenteous Rain,
Refreſh the thirſty Earth again.

3 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Eſcapes from Death:
Safety and Health to GOD belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

4 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Bleſſings of his Love;
But the wide Diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs Joy, or endleſs Pains.

5 The LORD, that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting Wound.

6 But his right Hand his Saints ſhall raiſe,
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial Love.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

The Sufferings of CHRIST *for our Salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O GOD, the ſwelling Floods
"Break in upon my Soul:
"I ſink, and Sorrows o'er my Head
"Like mighty Waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my Voice be gone;
"In Tears I waſte the Day:
"My GOD, behold my longing Eyes,
"And ſhorten thy Delay.

3 "They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
"And ſtill their Number grows
"More than the Hairs around my Head,
"And mighty are my Foes.

4 " 'Twas then I pay'd that dreadful Debt,
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law,
" Which Sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great MESSIAH's Name,
The royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.

6 " Now ſhall the Saints rejoice, and find
" Salvation in my Name,
" For I have borne their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

7 " Grief like a Garment cloth'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.

8 " Amongſt my Brethren and the Jews,
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The Gentiles near to GOD.

9 " I came in ſinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.

10 " My Faſtings and my holy Groans,
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But GOD from his celeſtial Throne,
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

11 " He ſav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking Feet
" On well-eſtabliſh'd Ground.

12 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour,
" My Pray'r aroſe on high,
" And, for my Sake, my GOD ſhall hear
" The dying Sinners' Cry."

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. Second Part.
Common Metre.

The Paſſion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

1 NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleaſure ſing,
The Suff'rings of our great High-Prieſt,
The Sorrows of our King.

2 He ſinks in Floods of deep Diſtreſs;
How high the Waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He ſends perpetual Cries.

3 " Hear me, O LORD, and ſave thy Son,
" Nor hide thy ſhining Face;
" Why ſhould thy Fav'rite look like one
" Forſaken of thy Grace?

4 " With Rage they perſecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

5 " They tread my Honour to the Duſt,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their ſharp inſulting Slanders add
" Freſh Anguiſh to my Pain.

6 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defil'd my Name.

7 " I look'd for Pity, but in vain:
" My Kindred are my Grief:
" I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.

8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirst;
" They give me Gall for Food:
" And sporting with my dying Groans,
" They triumph in my Blood.

9 " Shine into my distressed Soul,
" Let thy Compassion save;
" And tho' my Flesh sink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.

10 " I shall arise to praise thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown;
" And thy Salvation, O my GOD,
" Shall seat me on thy Throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third Part. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Obedience and Death:* or, GOD *glorified and Sinners saved.*

1 FATHER! I sing thy wond'rous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name;
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinners' Shame.

2 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Laws which Mortals broke
And finish'd all thy Will.

3 His dying Groans, his living Songs,
Shall better please my GOD,
Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

4 This ſhall his humble Follow'rs ſee,
And ſet their Hearts at reſt;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

5 Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To GOD their Voices raiſe,
While Lands and Seas aſſiſt the Sky,
And join t' advance the Praiſe.

6 Zion is thine, moſt holy GOD;
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own Iſr'el waits.

PSALM LXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Paſſion and Sinners Salvation.*

1 DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our LORD;
Behold! the riſing Billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

2 In long Complaints he ſpends his Breath,
While Hoſts of Hell, and Pow'rs of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curſt Deſign.

3 Yet, gracious GOD, thy Pow'r and Love
Has made the Curſe a Bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful Suff'rings of thy Son,
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

4 The Pangs of our expiring LORD
The Honour of thy Law reſtor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Juſtice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.

5 O! for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live;

The LORD will hear us in his Name,
Nor ſhall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for my Sake, eternal GOD,
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy Load
Of baſe Reproach and ſore Diſgrace,
And Shame defil'd his ſacred Face.

2 The Jews, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cauſe.

3 [" My Father's Houſe, ſaid he, was made
" A Place for Worſhip, not for Trade;"
Then ſcatt'ring all their Gold and Braſs,
He ſcourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

4 [Zeal for the Temple of his GOD
Conſum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood:
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His Friends forſook, his Follow'rs fled,
While Foes and Arms ſurround his Head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous Tongue,
And the falſe Judge maintains the Wrong.]

6 His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blaſphemies:
They nail him to the ſhameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones,
Inſult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirſt with Vinegar.]

8 But GOD beheld, and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son;
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour due Veng'ance on their Head.

PSALM LXXI. 5—9. First Part.

The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 MY GOD, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth:
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.

2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
With all these Limbs of mine:
And from my Mother's painful Hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen,
Repeated ev'ry Year:
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.

4 Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise;
And round me let thy Glory shine,
Whene'er thy Servant dies.

5 Then in the Hist'ry of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second Part.

CHRIST *our Strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting Truſt,
Thy Goodneſs I adore!
And ſince I knew thy Graces firſt
I ſpeak thy Glories more.

3 My Feet ſhall travel all the Length
Of the celeſtial Road,
And march with Courage in the Strength,
To ſee my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore Diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteouſneſs,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my King!
My Soul, redeem'd from Sin and Hell,
Shall thy Salvation ſing.

6 [My Tongue ſhall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Seaſon long.]

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. Third Part.

The Aged Chriſtian's Prayer and Song: or, Old Age, Death, and the Reſurrection.

1 GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

2 Wilt thou forſake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking Years,
If GOD my Strength depart?

3 Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the ſurviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I ſhall quit the Stage.

4 The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may theſe poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy Righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praiſe exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings rore,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has preſt me ſore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

7 By long Experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in Duſt,
My Fleſh ſhall be thy Care;
Theſe with'ring Limbs with Thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. First Part.

The Kingdom of CHRIST.

1 GREAT GOD, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey;
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.

2 Thy Scepter well becomes his Hands,
All Heav'n submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

3 With Pow'r he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust:
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down;
His Grace on fainting Souls distils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirsty Hills.

5 The Heathen Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overspreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.

6 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dress't in the Robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace, like a River, from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second Part.

CHRIST's *Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run:
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold! the Iſlands with their Kings,
And Europe her firſt Tribute brings:
From North to South the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

3 There Perſia, glorious to behold,
There India, ſhines in Eaſtern Gold;
And barb'rous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their LORD.]

4 For him ſhall endleſs Pray'r be made,
And Princes throng to crown his Head;
His Name, like ſweet Perfume, ſhall riſe
With ev'ry Morning Sacrifice.

5 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with ſweeteſt Song;
And Infant-Voices ſhall proclaim
Their early Bleſſings on his Name.

6 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns;
The Pris'ner leaps to looſe his Chains,
The Weary find eternal Reſt,
And all the Sons of Want are bleſt.

7 [Where he diſplays his healing Pow'r,
Death and the Curſe are known no more;
In him the Tribes of Adam boaſt
More Bleſſings than their Father loſt.

8 Let ev'ry Creature riſe and bring
Peculiar Honours to our King;
Angels deſcend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. First Part. Common Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and proſperous Sinners curſed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the LORD is kind
To Men of Heart ſincere,

Yet once my fooliſh Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Deſpair.

2 I griev'd to ſee the Wicked thrive,
And ſpoke with angry Breath,
" How pleaſant and profane they live!
" How peaceful is their Death!

3 " With well-fed Fleſh and haughty Eyes
" They lay their Fears to ſleep;
" Againſt the Heav'ns their Slanders riſe,
" While Saints in Silence weep.

4 " In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
" And cleanſe my Heart in vain,
" For I am chaſten'd all the Day,
" The Night renews my Pain.

5 " Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
" I felt my Heart reprove;
" Sure I ſhall thus offend thy Saints,
" And grieve the Men I love."

6 But ſtill I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

7 There, as in ſome prophetic Glaſs,
I ſaw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry Place,
Beſide a fiery Pit.

8 I heard the Wretch profanely boaſt,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were loſt,
And he awakes in Hell.

9 LORD, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs Beaſt!

Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked bleſt!

10 Yet was I kept from fell Deſpair,
Upheld by Pow'r unknown:
That bleſſed Hand, that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. Second Part. Common Metre.

GOD *our Portion here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up,
When ſinking in Deſpair.

2 Thy Counſels, LORD, ſhall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderneſs;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

3 Were I in Heav'n without my GOD,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And whilſt this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint!
GOD is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

5 Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol-Gods they love,
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my GOD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;

My Tongue ſhall ſound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Metre.

The Proſperity of Sinners curſed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To ſee the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine!

2 But O their End, their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlipp'ry Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

3 Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.

4 Their fancy'd Joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

5 Now I eſteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to purchaſe with my Blood:
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my GOD.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Myſtery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous GOD,
Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boaſt aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

2 I ſaw the Wicked riſe,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with ſcornful Eyes,
In Robes of Honour ſhine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton Eaſe,
Their Fleſh looks full and fair:
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

4 Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

5 Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting GOD:
Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
"Is there a GOD that ſees or hears
"The Things below the Skies?"]

7 The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suſpenſe,
Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

8 Thy Word with Light and Pow'r
Did my Miſtakes amend;
I view'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

9 On what a ſlipp'ry Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep,
That waits their Fall below!

10 LORD, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine;
I call my GOD my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with GOD *under ſore Perſecution.*

1 WILL GOD for ever caſt us off?
His Wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the People of his Love,
His little choſen Flock?

2 Think of the Tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy Glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy Feet, and march in haſte,
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waſte
Is made within thy Walls.

4 Where once thy Churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy Foes profanely roar;
Over thy Gates their Enſigns hang,
Sad Tokens of their Pow'r.

5 How are the Seats of Worſhip broke!
They tear thy Buildings down;
And he that deals the heavieſt Stroke,
Procures the chief Renown.

6 With Flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy Children in their Neſt;
"Come let us burn at once," they cry,
"The Temple and the Prieſt."

7 And ſtill to heighten our Diſtreſs,
Thy Preſence is withdrawn;

Thy wonted Signs of Pow'r and Grace,
Thy Pow'r and Grace are gone.

8 No Prophet ſpeaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a Soul amongſt us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal GOD! how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaſpheme?
Shall Saints be made their endleſs Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

10 Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thy holy Name profan'd?
And ſtill thy Jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thy Hand?

11 What ſtrange Deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In Ages long before!
And now no other GOD we own,
No other GOD adore.

12 Thou didſt divide the raging Sea,
By thy reſiſtleſs Might,
To make thy Tribes a wond'rous Way,
And then ſecure their Flight.

13 Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkneſs and the Day?
Didſt thou not bid the Morning ſhine,
And mark the Sun his Way?

14 Hath not thy Pow'r form'd ev'ry Coaſt,
And ſet the Earth its Bounds,
With Summer's Heat, and Winter's Froſt,
In their perpetual Rounds?

15 And shall the Sons of Earth and Dust
That sacred Pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd Name!

16 Think on the Cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy Words of Love:
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jest:
Plead thy own Cause, Almighty GOD!
And give thy Children Rest.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from GOD *alone.*

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Accession of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1 TO Thee, most Holy, and most High,
To Thee we bring our thankful Praise;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

2 Britain was doom'd to be a Slave;
Her Frame dissolv'd; her Fears were great;
When GOD a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

3 He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome Laws;
His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

4 Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;

But lay their fooliſh Thoughts aſide,
And own the King that GOD hath made.

5 Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis GOD the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.

6 No vain Pretence to royal Birth,
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne;
GOD, the great Sov'reign of the Earth,
Will riſe, and make his Juſtice known.

7 [His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Veng'ance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taſte the bitter Dregs.

8 Now ſhall the LORD exalt the Juſt:
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Duſt,
My Lips ſhall ſing his Praiſe aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Iſrael ſaved, and the Aſſyrians deſtroyed: or, GOD's *Vengeance againſt his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 IN Judah GOD of old was known;
His Name in Iſr'el great;
In Salem ſtood his holy Throne,
And Sion was his Seat.

2 Among the Praiſes of his Saints,
His Dwelling there he choſe;
There he receiv'd their juſt Complaints
Againſt their haughty Foes.

15 And shall the Sons of Earth and Duſt
That ſacred Pow'r blaſpheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them firſt,
Avenge thine injur'd Name!

16 Think on the Cov'nant thou haſt made,
And all thy Words of Love:
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jeſt:
Plead thy own Cauſe, Almighty GOD!
And give thy Children Reſt.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from GOD *alone.*

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Acceſſion of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1 TO Thee, moſt Holy, and moſt High,
To Thee we bring our thankful Praiſe;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

2 Britain was doom'd to be a Slave;
Her Frame diſſolv'd; her Fears were great;
When GOD a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

3 He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And ſwore to rule by wholeſome Laws;
His Foot ſhall tread th' Oppreſſor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cauſe.

4 Let haughty Sinners ſink their Pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful Head;

But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
And own the King that GOD hath made.

5 Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis GOD the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.

6 No vain Pretence to royal Birth,
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne;
GOD, the great Sov'reign of the Earth,
Will rise, and make his Justice known.

7 [His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Veng'ance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter Dregs.

8 Now shall the LORD exalt the Just:
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed: or, *GOD's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 IN Judah GOD of old was known;
His Name in Isr'el great;
In Salem stood his holy Throne,
And Sion was his Seat.

2 Among the Praises of his Saints,
His Dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just Complaints
Against their haughty Foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threat'ning Spear,
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And cruſh'd th' Aſſyrian War.

4 What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms elſe
But mighty Hills of Prey?
The Hill on which JEHOVAH dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that ſtopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might ſlept faſt in Death,
And never found their Hands.

6 At thy Rebuke, O Jacob's GOD,
Both Horſe and Chariot fell!
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod!
Thy Veng'ance who can tell!

7 What Pow'r can ſtand before thy Sight,
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heav'n ſhines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies ſtill and fears.

8 When GOD, in his own ſov'reign Ways,
Comes down to ſave th' Oppreſt,
The Wrath of Man ſhall work his Praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

9 [Vow to the LORD, and Tribute bring;
Ye Princes, fear his Frown;
His Terrors ſhake the proudeſt King,
And cut an Army down

10 The Thunder of his ſharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes ſhall feel;
For Jacob's GOD hath not forſook,
But dwells in Zion ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. First Part.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear
In the sad Day, when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

2 Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on God, the Just and Wise,
But Thought increas'd my Grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My Heart began to break;
My God, thy Wrath forbad me Rest,
And kept my Eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might withhold thy Grace.

6 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark, despairing Frame,

Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is ſtill the ſame.

9 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Fleſh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with Juſtice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word,
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counſels of the LORD.

PSALM LXXVII. Second Part.

Comfort derived from ancient Providences: or, Iſrael delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning Rod?"
(May thy own Children ſay)
"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful GOD!
"How holy is his Way!"

2 I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above!
I'll hear his ancient Wonders told,
And learn to truſt his Love.

3 Long did the Houſe of Joſeph lie
With Egypt's Yoke oppreſt:
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Reſt.

4 The Sons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he choſe.

5 Iſr'el, his People and his Sheep,
Muſt follow where he calls:

He bids them venture thro' the Deep,
And makes the Waves their Walls.

6 The Waters ſaw Thee, mighty GOD!
The Waters ſaw Thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine Armies room.

7 Strange was thy Journey through the Sea;
Thy Footſteps, LORD, unknown:
Terrors attend the wond'rous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

8 [Thy Voice, with Terror in the Sound,
Thro' Clouds and Darkneſs broke,
All Heav'n in Lightning ſhone around,
And Earth with Thunder ſhook.

9 Thine Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd,
How glorious is the LORD!
Surprize and Trembling ſeiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.

10 He gave them Water from the Rock:
And ſafe by Moſes' Hand
Thro' a dry Deſert led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First Part.

Providences of GOD *recorded:* or, *Pious Education and Inſtruction of Children.*

1 LET Children hear the mighty Deeds,
Which GOD perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we ſaw,
And which our Fathers told.

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;

And we'll convey his Wonders down,
Through ev'ry rising Race.

3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs;
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their Hope securely stands:
That they may ne'er forget his Works
But practise his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment: or, The Sins and Chastisements of God's *People.*

1 O What a stiff rebellious House
Was Jacob's ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

2 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

3 They saw the Plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging Hand;
What dreadful Tokens of his Might,
Spread o'er that stubborn Land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march in Safety through,
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

5 A wond'rous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;

By

By Day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

6 He from the Rock their Thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A conſtant Miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the LORD moſt High,
And dar'd diſtruſt his Hand;
"Can he with Bread our Hoſt ſupply
"Amidſt this deſert Land?"

8 The LORD with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third Part.

The Puniſhment of Luxury and Intemperance: or, Chaſtiſement and Salvation.

1 WHEN Iſr'el ſins, the LORD reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly Bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treaſures known:
He gave the Midnight-Clouds command
To pour Proviſion down.

3 The Manna, like a Morning Show'r,
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

4 But they in murm'ring Language ſaid,
"Manna is all our Feaſt,

" We lothe this light, this airy Bread;
" We muſt have Fleſh to taſte."

5 " Ye ſhall have Fleſh to pleaſe your Luſt,"
The LORD in Wrath reply'd;
And ſent them Quails, like Sand or Duſt,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

6 He gave them all their own Deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Veng'ance burnt with ſecret Fire,
And ſmote the Rebels dead.

7 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the LORD with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their Fears.

8 Oft he chaſtis'd and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he reſolv'd to ſave,
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32, &c. Fourth Part.

Backſliding and Forgiveneſs: or, *Sin puniſhed and Saints ſaved.*

1 GREAT GOD, how oft did Iſr'el prove
By turns thine Anger and thy Love?
There in a Glaſs our Hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.

2 How ſoon the faithleſs Jews forgot
The dreadful Wonders GOD had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Pow'r nor truſt his Grace.

3 The LORD conſum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain;

A tedious March through unknown Ways,
Wore out their Strength, and ſpent their Days.

4 Oft when they ſaw their Brethren ſlain,
They mourn'd and ſought the LORD again;
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer and their GOD.

5 Their Pray'rs and Vows before him riſe,
As flatt'ring Words, or ſolemn Lies
While their rebellious Tempers prove
Falſe to his Cov'nant, and his Love.

6 Yet did his ſov'reign Grace forgive
The Men who not deſerv'd to live;
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle Flame it burn'd.

7 He ſaw their Fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw Temptations ſtill prevail;
The GOD of Abraham lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction: or, *The Vineyard of* GOD *waſted.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael,
Who doſt between the Cherubs dwell,
And ledſt the Tribes, thy choſen Sheep,
Safe through the Deſert and the Deep.

2 Thy Church is in the Deſert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

3 Great GOD, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray,

And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?

4 Inſtead of Wine and cheerful Bread,
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Haſt thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in Heathen Lands?
Did not thy Pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly Dews enrich the Ground?

6 How did the ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
And bleſs'd the Nations with their Fruit!
But now, dear LORD, look down and ſee,
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why haſt thou laid her Fences waſte?
Strangers and Foes againſt her join,
And ev'ry Beaſt devours thy Vine.

8 Return, Almighty GOD, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore;
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 LORD, when this Vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wert its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promiſe roſe,

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot,
From David's Stock, from Jacob's Root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer Branches of the Tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son, and he ſhall ſtand,
Girt with thy Strength, at thy right Hand;
Thy firſt-born Son adorn'd and bleſt
With Pow'r and Grace above the reſt.

12 O! for his Sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches leſt they die;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore:
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8—16.

The Warnings of GOD *to his People:* or, *Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhments.*

1 SING to the LORD aloud,
And make a cheerful Noiſe;
GOD is our Strength, our Saviour-GOD,
Let Iſr'el hear his Voice.

2 "From vile Idolatry
"Preſerve my Worſhip clean;
"I am the LORD who ſet thee free
"From Slavery and Sin.

3 "Stretch thy Deſires abroad,
"And I'll ſupply them well;
"But if ye will refuſe your GOD,
"If Iſr'el will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them," ſaith the LORD,
"To their own Luſts a Prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous Road,
"'Tis their own choſen Way.

5 "Yet O! that all my Saints
"Would hearken to my Voice!
"Soon I would eaſe their ſore Complaints,
"And bid their Hearts rejoice.

6 " While I deſtroy'd their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the Stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD *the ſupreme Governor:* or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

1 AMONG th' Aſſemblies of the Great,
A greater Ruler takes his Seat:
The GOD of Heav'n, as Judge, ſurveys
Thoſe Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous Cauſe?
When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?

3 They know not, LORD, nor will they know;
Dark are the Ways in which they go:
Their Name of Earthly Gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like Men.

4 Ariſe, O LORD, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod;
He is our Judge, and He our GOD.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint againſt Perſecutors.

1 AND will the GOD of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep?
The GOD of Juſtice hold his Peace,
And let his Veng'ance ſleep?

2 Behold what curſed Snares
The Men of Miſchief ſpread:
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee,
Lift up their threat'ning Head.

3 Againſt thy hidden Ones
Their Counſels they employ,
And Malice with her watchful Eye,
Purſues them to deſtroy.

4 The Noble and the Baſe
Into thy Paſtures leap;
The Lion and the ſtupid Aſs
Conſpire to vex thy Sheep.

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Mem'ry ſhall be found."

6 Awake, Almighty GOD,
And call thy Wrath to Mind;
Give them like Foreſts to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.

7 Convince their Madneſs, LORD,
And make them ſeek thy Name;
Or elſe their ſtubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.

8 Then ſhall the Nations know,
That glorious dreadful Word,
JEHOVAH is thy Name alone,
And thou the Sov'reign LORD.

PSALM LXXXIV. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

2 My Fleſh would reſt in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for GOD;

My God! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?

3 The Sparrow chooſes were to reſt,
And for her Young provides her Neſt:
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleaſure which his Children want?

4 Bleſt are the Saints, who ſit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majeſty;
Thy brighteſt Glories ſhine above,
And all their Work is Praiſe and Love.

5 Bleſt are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And ſeek thy Face, and learn thy Praiſe.

6 Bleſt are the Men whoſe Hearts are ſet
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength; and through the Road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all ſhall meet in Heav'n at length,
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. Long Metre.

God *and his Church:* or, *Grace and Glory.*

1 GREAT God attend, while Zion ſings
The Joy that from thy Preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one Day with Thee on Earth,
Exceeds a thouſand Days of Mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thy Houſe, O God of Grace,

Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Pow'r,
Shou'd tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

3 GOD is our Sun, he makes our Day:
GOD is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without, and Foes within.

4 All needful Grace will GOD beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too!
He gives us all Things, and withholds
No real Good from upright Souls.

5 O GOD, our King, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
The glorious Hoſts in Heav'n obey;
And Devils at thy Preſence flee;
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip: or, GOD *preſent in his Churches.*

1 MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy GOD reſorts!
'Tis Heav'n to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the Skies
His ſaving Pow'r diſplays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes
With kind and quick'ning Rays.

3 With his rich Gifts the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends and fills the Place,
While CHRIST reveals his wond'rous Love,
And ſheds abroad his Grace.

4 There, mighty GOD, thy Works declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy Mercy there,
And ſing thy Praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My Heart and Fleſh cry out for Thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When ſhall I tread thy Courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my GOD?

6 The Sparrow builds herſelf a Neſt,
And ſuffers no Remove;
O make me, like the Sparrows, bleſt,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To ſit one Day beneath thine Eye
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

8 LORD, at thy Threſhold I would wait,
While JESUS is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.

9 Could I command the ſpacious Land,
And the more boundleſs Sea,
For one bleſt Hour at thy right Hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the Houſe of GOD.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!

To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires,
With warm Deſires
To ſee my GOD.

2 The Sparrow for her Young,
With Pleaſure ſeeks a Neſt?
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Reſt:
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among thy Saints.

3 O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe Thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill!

4 They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred Day
Where GOD and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide:

Where GOD reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door,
Than ſhine in Courts.

6 GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

7 The LORD his People loves;
His Hand no Good withholds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in Thee!

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 1—8. First Part.

Waiting for an Anſwer to Prayer: or, *Deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy Doom:
So GOD forgave when Iſr'el ſinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring Captives home.

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt Wrath abate;
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying Graces, LORD,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice;

Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praiſe to tune our Voice.

4 We wait to hear what GOD will ſay;
He'll ſpeak and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more aſtray,
Leſt his returning Wrath increaſe.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second Part.

Salvation by CHRIST.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and truſt the LORD;
And Grace deſcending from on high,
Freſh Hopes of Glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from Heav'n;
By his Obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

3 Now Truth and Honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heav'nly Influence bleſs the Ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

4 His Righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free Acceſs to GOD;
Our wand'ring Feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8—13.

A general Song of Praiſe to GOD.

1 AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Pow'r divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty LORD!
Nor are their Works like thine.

2 The Nations thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their Off'rings round thy Throne:

For thou alone doſt wond'rous Things,
For thou art GOD alone.

3 LORD, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly Ways;
And my poor ſcatter'd Thoughts unite
In GOD my Father's Praiſe.

4 Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet Wonders tell,
How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints: or, *Jews and Gentiles united in the Chriſtian Church.*

1 GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praiſe:
He likes the Tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His Mercy viſits ev'ry Houſe
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3 What Glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What Wonders are of Zion told?
Thou City of our GOD below,
Thy Fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men ſhall join to ſing
The Hill where living Waters ſpring.

5 When GOD makes up his laſt Account,
Of Natives in his holy Mount,

'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born, or nouriſh'd there!

PSALM LXXXIX. Long Metre.

The Covenant made with CHRIST: or, *the true David.*

1 FOR ever ſhall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the LORD;
Mercy and Truth for ever ſtand,
Like Heav'n, eſtabliſhed by his Hand.

2 Thus to his Son he ſware, and ſaid,
" With thee my Cov'nant firſt is made;
" In thee ſhall dying Sinners live,
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
" Thy Children ſhall be ever-bleſt;
" Thou art my choſen King: Thy Throne
" Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

4 " There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image or my Love;
" Celeſtial Pow'rs thy Subjects are;
" Then what can Earth to thee compare?

5 " David, my Servant, whom I choſe
" To guard my Flock, to cruſh my Foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewiſh Throne,
" Was but a Shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the Church rejoice and ſing,
JESUS her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heav'nly Wonders ſhow,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. Common Metre.

The Faithfulneſs of GOD.

1 MY never-ceaſing Song ſhall ſhow
The Mercies of the LORD,
And make ſucceeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

2 The ſacred Truths his Lips pronounce,
Shall firm as Heav'n endure:
And if he ſpeak a Promiſe once,
Th' eternal Grace is ſure.

3 How long the Race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His Seed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A Throne above the Skies;
The meaneſt Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory riſe.

5 LORD GOD of Hoſts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are ſung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raiſe
To thine unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. Second Part.

The Power and Majeſty of GOD: or, *Reverential Worſhip.*

1 WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear
And bow before the LORD;
His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

2 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies ſhine!

Where is the Pow'r that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

3 The Northern Pole and Southern, reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day from Eaſt to Weſt
Move round at thy Command.

4 Thy Words the raging Winds controll,
And rule the boiſt'rous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

5 Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Veng'ance ſhine,
When Egypt durſt rebel!

6 Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy Face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. Third Part.

A Bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;
Peace ſhall attend the Paths they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

2 Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name!
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The LORD, our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. Fourth Part.

CHRIST's *Mediatorial Kingdom*: or, *His divine and human Nature.*

1 HEAR what the LORD in Viſion ſaid,
And made his Mercy known:
" Sinners, behold your Help is laid
" On my Almighty Son.

2 " Behold the Man my Wiſdom choſe
" Among your mortal Race;
" His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
" The Spirit of my Grace.

3 " High ſhall he reign on David's Throne,
" My People's better King;
" My Arm ſhall beat his Rivals down,
" And ſtill new Subjects bring.

4 " My Truth ſhall guard him in his Way,
" With Mercy by his Side,
" While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea
" He ſhall in Triumph ride.

5 " Me for his Father and his GOD
" He ſhall for ever own,
" Call me his Rock, his high Abode;
" And I'll ſupport my Son.

6 " My firſt-born Son array'd in Grace
" At my right Hand ſhall ſit;
" Beneath him Angels know their Place,
" And Monarchs at his Feet.

7 " My Cov'nant ſtands for ever faſt;
" My Promiſes are ſtrong;
" Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne ſhall laſt,
" His Seed endure as long."

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. Fifth Part.

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable: or, *Afflictions without Rejection.*

1 " YET, (ſaith the LORD) if David's Race,
" The Children of my Son,
" Should break my Laws, abuſe my Grace,
" And tempt mine Anger down;

2 " Their Sins I'll viſit with the Rod,
" And make their Folly ſmart;
" But I'll not ceaſe to be their GOD,
" Nor from my Truth depart.

3 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But keep my Grace in mind;
" And what eternal Love hath ſpoke,
" Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

4 " Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
" And pledg'd my Holineſs,
" To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
" To David and his Race.

5 " The Sun ſhall ſee his Offspring riſe,
" And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
" Long as he Travels round the Skies,
" To give the Nations Day.

6 " Sure as the Moon that rules the Night,
" His Kingdom ſhall endure,
" Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
" Shall be obſerv'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. Sixth Part.

Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Pſalm.

1 REmember, LORD, our mortal State,
How fair our Life! how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

2 LORD, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
"Muſt Death for ever rage and reign?
"Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt;
"Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?"
But Faith forbids theſe mournful Sighs,
And ſees the ſleeping Duſt ariſe.

4 That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake, our Souls! and bleſs the LORD.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. Laſt Part.

As the 113th Pſalm.

Life, Death, and the Reſurrection.

1 THINK mighty GOD, on feeble Man!
How few his Hours! how ſhort his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can ſecure his vital Breath
Againſt the bold Demands of Death?
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to ſave?

2 LORD, ſhall it be for ever ſaid!
"The Race of Man was only made

" For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt?"
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves and turn'd to Clay?
LORD, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed, a heav'nly Crown?
But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair:
For ever bleſſed be the LORD!
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Reſurrection there.

4 For ever bleſſed be the LORD!
Who gives his Saints a long Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and GOD *eternal.*

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THRO' ev'ry Age, eternal GOD!
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode;
High was thy Throne ere Heav'n was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footſtool laid.

2 Long haſt thou reign'd ere Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure,
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

3 But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, LORD, was juſt,
" Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt."

4 [A thouſand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thy Account;
Like Yeſterday's departed Light,
Or the laſt Watch of ending Night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning Flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.]

6 [Our Age to Seventy Years is ſet:
How ſhort the Term! how frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread;
We fear the Pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O LORD, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till a wiſe Care of Piety
Fits us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Man frail, and GOD *eternal.*

1 OUR GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our eternal Home;

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

3 Before the Hills in order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlaſting thou art GOD,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

4 Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt,
"Return, ye Sons of Men:"
All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

5 A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the riſing Sun.

6 [The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood,
With all their Lives and Cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the Flood,
And loſt in following Years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all his Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

8 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the Morning Light:
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.]

9 Our GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. Second Part, Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin: or, *Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

1 LORD, if thine Eyes ſurvey our Faults,
And Juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt;
By one Offence to thee,
Adam, with all his Sons, have loſt
Their Immortality.

3 Life, like a vain Amuſement flies;
A Fable or a Song:
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

5 [Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life
Along the tireſome Road.]

6 Almighty GOD, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne!

7 Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art,
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM

PSALM XC. ver. 13. &c. Third Part. Com. Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of Love, return;
Earth is a tireſome Place:
How long ſhall we thy Children mourn
Our Abſence from thy Face?

2 Let Heav'n ſucceed our painful Years:
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe;
And in proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.

3 Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow,
Make thy own Work compleat;
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love is great.

4 Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, Lord;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

1 LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

2 Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And ev'ry Month, and ev'ry Day,
'Tis mould'ring back to Duſt.

3 Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay:
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

4 Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

5 They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. Firſt Part.

Safety in public Diſeaſes and Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his Refuge GOD,
Shall find a moſt ſecure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night ſhall reſt his Head.

2 Then will I ſay, "My GOD, thy Pow'r
"Shall be my Fortreſs, and my Tow'r:
"I, that am form'd of feeble Duſt,
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Truſt."

3 Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare;
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thouſand Ways.

4 Juſt as a Hen protects her Brood
From Birds of Prey that ſeek their Blood,
Under her Feathers; ſo the LORD
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

5 If burning Beams of Noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential Fire,
GOD is their Life, his Wings are ſpread,
To ſhield them with an healthful Shade.

6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Riſe thick, and ſcatter Midnight-Death,

Iſr'el is ſafe: The poiſon'd Air
Grows pure, if Iſr'el's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What tho' a thouſand at thy Side,
At thy right Hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen People ſaves
Amongſt the Dead, amidſt the Graves.

8 So when he ſent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their Sons, his careful Eye
Paſs'd all the Doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commiſſion from the LORD,
To ſtrike his Saints among the reſt
Their very Pains and Deaths are bleſt.

10 The Sword, the Peſtilence, or Fire.
Shall but fulfil their beſt Deſire;
From Sins and Sorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy Children, LORD, to thee.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. Second Part.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
Come make the LORD your Dwelling-place,
And try and truſt his Care.

2 No Ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe his Saints on high.

3 He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all your Ways:

To watch your Pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy Days.

4 Their Hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall,
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And ſent t' attend his Sons?

5 Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.

6 "Becauſe on me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them," ſaith the LORD;
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Deſtruction and the Sword,

7 "My Grace ſhall anſwer when they call;
"In Trouble I'll be nigh:
"My Pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die.

8 "Thoſe that on Earth my Name have known,
"I'll honour them in Heav'n;
"There my Salvation ſhall be ſhown,
"And endleſs Life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. Firſt Part.

A Pſalm for the LORD's *Day.*

1 SWEET is the Work, my GOD, my King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2 Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Care ſhall ſeize my Breaſt;
O may my Heart in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of ſolemn Sound!

3 My Heart ſhall triumph in my LORD,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

4 Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſts them in everlaſting Death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed,
Like holy Oil, to cheer my Head.

6 Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my Peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry Pow'r find ſweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

PSALM XCII. ver. 12, &c. Second Part.

The Church is the Garden of GOD.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant Thing to ſtand
In Gardens planted by thy Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be ſeen,
Like a young Cedar freſh and green.

2 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Bleſt with thine Influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its Trees
Yields ſuch a comely Sight as theſe.

3 The Plants of Grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace muſt thrive)

Time, that doth all Things elſe impair,
Still make them flouriſh, ſtrong and fair.

4 Laden with Fruits of Age, they ſhew
The LORD is holy, juſt and true:
None that attend his Gates ſhall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. 1ſt Metre. As the 100th Pſalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majeſty and Might:
The World, created by his Hands,
Still on its firſt Foundation ſtands.

2 But ere this ſpacious World was made,
Or had its firſt Foundation laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever-living GOD.

3 Like Floods the angry Nations riſe,
And aim their Rage againſt the Skies;
Vain Floods that aim their Rage ſo high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

4 For ever ſhall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promiſe ſtands for ever ſure;
And everlaſting Holineſs
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. 2d Metre. As the old 50th Pſalm.

1 THE LORD of Glory reigns: he reigns on high;
His Robes of State are Strength and Majeſty:
This wide Creation roſe at his Command,
Built by his Word, and 'ſtabliſh'd by his Hand:
Long ſtood his Throne ere he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: Thy Foes in vain
Raiſe their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:
In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods ariſe,
And roar, and toſs their Waves againſt the Skies:
Foaming at Heav'n they rage with wild Commotion,
But Heav'ns high Arches ſcorn the ſwelling Ocean.

3 Ye Tempeſts, rage no more; ye Floods, be ſtill,
And the mad World ſubmiſſive to his Will:
Built on his Truth his Church muſt ever ſtand;
Firm are his Promiſes, and ſtrong his Hand:
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Footſtool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre.

As the old 122d Pſalm.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with ſov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy Commands,
The World ſecurely ſtands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine Empire rage and rore:
In vain with angry Spite,
The ſurly Nations fight,
And daſh like Waves againſt the Shore.

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage:
Let ſwelling Tides aſſault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madneſs down;
Thy Throne for ever ſtands on high.

5 Thy Promiſes are true,
Thy Grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy Church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And ſing thine everlaſting Love.

Repeat the fourth Stanza to complete the Tune.

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. First Part.

Saints chaſtiſed, and Sinners deſtroyed: or, *Inſtructive Afflictions.*

1 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let ſov'reign Pow'r redreſs our Wrongs,
Let Juſtice ſmite the Proud.

2 They ſay, "The Lord nor ſees nor hears;"
When will the Fools be wiſe!
Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his Pow'r;
His Wrath ſhall pierce their Souls with Pain,
In ſome ſurpriſing Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deſerve Rebuke,
Thou haſt a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book,
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bleſt is the Man thy Hands chaſtiſe,
And to his Duty draw:
Thy Scourges make thy Children wiſe,
When they forget thy Law.

6 But GOD will ne'er caſt off his Saints,
Nor his own Promiſe break;
He pardons his Inheritance,
For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. Second Part.

GOD *our Support and Comfort:* or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Perſecution.*

1 WHO will ariſe and plead my Right
Againſt my num'rous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppoſe?

2 Had not the LORD, my Rock, my Help,
Suſtain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongſt the Dead.

3 "Alas! my ſliding Feet!" I cry'd;
Thy Promiſe was my Prop:
Thy Grace ſtood conſtant by my Side;
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Boſom roll;
Thy boundleſs Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts cheer my Soul.

5 Pow'rs of Iniquity may riſe,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But GOD, my Refuge, rules the Skies;
He will defend my Cauſe.

6 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blaſphemers ſcoff;
The LORD our GOD ſhall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Pſalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The LORD's a GOD of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's King!

3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know
How mean their Natures ſeem,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Sea what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble Souls adore;
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

6 Now is the Time: He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his Wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my Reſt."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Pſalm before Sermon.

1 COME, ſound his Praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of Glory ſing;
JEHOVAH is the ſov'reign GOD,
The univerſal King.

2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own;
And all the ſolid Ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his Throne:
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his Works and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.

4 To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

5 But if your Ears refuſe
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving Race;

6 The LORD in Veng'ance dreſt
Will lift his Hand, and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd Reſt,
"Shall have no Portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.

Canaan loſt through Unbelief: or, *A Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1 COME, let our Voices join to raiſe
A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe;

God is a ſov'reign King, rehearſe
His Honour in exalted Verſe.

2 Come, let our Souls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word;
He is our Shepherd; we the Sheep
His Mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his Voice to-day;
The Counſels of his Love obey;
Nor let our harden'd Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that Iſr'el knew.

4 Iſr'el, that ſaw his Works of Grace,
Tempted their Maker to his Face;
A faithleſs unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their God.

5 Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove!
"Forget my Pow'r; abuſe my Love:
"Since they deſpiſe my Reſt, I ſwear,
"Their Feet ſhall never enter there."

6 [Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view thoſe ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to-day,
Nor loſe the Bleſſing by Delay.

7 Seize the kind Promiſe, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly Gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd Reſt,
Obey, and be for ever bleſt.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's firſt and ſecond Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye diſtant Lands,
Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue:
His new-diſcover'd Grace demands
A new and noble Song.

2 Say to the Nations, JESUS reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His Pow'r the ſinking World ſuſtains,
And Grace ſurrounds his Throne.

3 Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy thro' the Earth be ſeen:
Let Cities ſhine in bright Array,
And Fields in cheerful Green.

4 Let an unuſual Joy ſurpriſe
The Iſlands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains ſink, ye Valleys riſe,
Prepare the LORD his Way.

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bleſs
The Nations as their GOD;
To ſhew the World his Righteouſneſs,
And ſend his Truth abroad.

6 But when his Voice ſhall raiſe the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th Pſalm.

The GOD *of the Gentiles.*

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalms of Praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs JEHOVAH's Name:
His Glory let the Heathen know,
His Wonders to the Nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving Works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy Glory, LORD:
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word:
In Britain is JEHOVAH known;

Our Worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made:
Our Maker is our GOD alone.

3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the ſhining Worlds on high,
And reigns complete in Glory there;
His Beams are Majeſty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth ſhall feel his ſaving Pow'r,
And barb'rous Nations fear his Name:
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 1—5. Firſt Part.

CHRIST *reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*

1 HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And diſtant Iſlands join their Voice.

2 Deep are his Counſels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth ſupport his Throne;
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo he comes!
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

4 His Enemies, with ſore Diſmay,
Fly from the Sight, and ſhun the Day:

Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And ſing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6—9. Second Part.

CHRIST's *Incarnation.*

1 THE LORD is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name:
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eaſtern Sages to their GOD.

2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies;
Angels and Kings, before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below.

3 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound;
But Judah ſhout, but Zion ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. Third Part.

Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Tho' Clouds and Darkneſs vail his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-ſeat.

2 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

3 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The ſacred Honours of the LORD;

None but the Soul that feels his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Incarnation, and the laſt Judgment.*

1 YE Iſlands of the Northern Sea,
Rejoice the Saviour reigns;
His Word, like Fire, prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

2 His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Valleys riſe:
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

3 The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

5 His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire;
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World on fire.

6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. First Part.

Praiſe for the Goſpel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, GOD,
New Honours be addreſt;

His great Salvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the Nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the Word to Abr'am firſt;
His Truth fulfills the Grace;
The Gentiles make his Name their Truſt,
And learn his Righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her diff'rent Tongues;
And ſpread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second Part.

The MESSIAH*'s Coming and Kingdom.*

1 JOY to the World; the LORD is come!
Let Earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

2 Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains,
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

3 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow,
Far as the Curſe is found.

4 He rules the World with Truth and Grace;
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. Firſt Part.

CHRIST*'s Kingdom and Majeſty.*

1 THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the Nations fear

Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2 JESUS the Saviour reigns;
Let Earth adore its LORD;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3 In Zion is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church ſhall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praiſe!
Juſtice, and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

PSALM XCIX. Second Part.

A holy GOD *worſhipped with Reverence.*

1 EXALT the LORD our GOD,
And worſhip at his Feet:
His Nature is all Holineſs,
And Mercy is his Seat.

2 When Iſr'el was his Church,
When Aaron was his Prieſt,
When Moſes cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his People Reſt.

3 Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would deſtroy their Race;
And oft he made his Veng'ance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

4 Exalt the LORD our GOD,
Whoſe Grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still he's a GOD of Holineſs,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain Tranſlation.

Praiſe to our Creator.

1 YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
Before the LORD, your ſov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory ſing.

2 The LORD is GOD: 'Tis he alone
Doth Life, and Breath, and Being give;
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

3 Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praiſes to his Courts repair;
And make it your divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

4 The LORD is good, the LORD is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy ſure;
And the whole Race of Man ſhall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A Paraphraſe.

1 SING to the LORD with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The Britiſh Iſles ſhall ſend the Noiſe
Acroſs the Ocean to the Shore.

2 Nations, attend before his Throne
With ſolemn Fear, with ſacred Joy;
Know that the LORD is God alone;
He can create, and He deſtroy.

3 His ſov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

4 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame;
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name!

5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs;
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

6 Wide as the World is thy Command!
Vast as Eternity thy Love!
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

1 MERCY and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious GOD, my righteous King!
To thee my Songs and Vows I'll bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsels from thy Word;
Thy Justice and thy heav'nly Grace,
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.

3 Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my GOD with me reside;
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.

4 No Sons of Slander, Rage, and Strife,
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride,
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the Land, and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth, and Trust;

The Men that work thy holy Will,
Shall be my Friends and Fav'rites ſtill.]

6 In vain ſhall Sinners hope to riſe,
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies;
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offenders ſhan't be ſpar'd.

7 The impious Crew (that factious Band)
Shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land;
And all that break the public Reſt,
Where I have Pow'r, ſhall be ſuppreſt.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm for a Maſter of a Family.

1 OF Juſtice and of Grace I ſing,
And pay my GOD my Vows;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my Houſe.

2 Now to my Tent, O GOD, repair,
And make thy Servant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine Eyes.

3 The Man that doth his Neighbour Wrong,
By Falſhood or by Force,
The ſcornful Eye, the ſland'rous Tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my Doors.

4 I'll ſeek the Faithful, and the Juſt,
And w ll their Help enjoy;
Theſe are the Friends that I ſhall truſt,
The Servants I'll employ.

5 The Wretch that deals in ſly Deceit,
I'll not endure a Night!
The Liar's Tongue I'll ever hate,
And baniſh from my Sight.

6 I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee;
So ſhall my Houſe be ever found
A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. First Part.

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But anſwer, leſt I die;
Haſt thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

2 My Days are waſted like the Smoke
Diſſolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And ſinking in Deſpair.

3 My Spirits flag like with'ring Graſs,
Burnt with exceſſive Heat;
In ſecret Groans my Minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on ſome lonely Building's Top
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope,
I ſit and grieve alone.

5 My Soul is like a Wilderneſs,
Where Beaſts of Midnight howl;
There the ſad Raven finds her Place,
And there the ſcreaming Owl.

6 Dark diſmal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breaſt;
While ſharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Reſt.

7 My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repaſt;

My daily Bread like Aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my Taſte.

8 Senſe can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown;
LORD, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high;
Thy Hand hath caſt me down.

9 My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Ev'ning Shadows are,
That vaniſh into Night.

10 But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal GOD!
Ages to come ſhall know thy Name,
And ſpread thy Works abroad.

11 Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy Face,
Nor will my LORD delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long-expected Day.

12 He hears his Saints, he knows their cry,
And by myſterious Ways,
Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

PSALM CII. 13—21. Second Part.

Prayer heard and Zion reſtored.

1 LET Zion and her Sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd Hour;
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.

2 Her Duſt and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes:
Thoſe Ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that Duſt ſhall riſe.

3 The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

4 He ſits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes:
He hears the dying Pris'ners Grone,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

5 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death;
And when his Saints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid, "That praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

6 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the LORD.

PSALM CII. 23—28. Third Part.

Man's Mortality, and CHRIST' *Eternity:* or, *Saints die, but* CHRIST *and the Church live.*

1 IT is the LORD our SAVIOUR's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidſt the Race;
Diſeaſe and Death at his Command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our Days.

2 Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon;
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And muſt thy Children die ſo ſoon!

3 Yet, in the Midſt of Death and Grief,
This Thought our Sorrow ſhall aſſuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"CHRIST is the ſame thro' ev'ry Age."

4 'Twas

4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, theſe Heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.

5 The ſtarry Curtains of the Sky,
Like Garments ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy Throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever muſt abide.

6 Before thy Face thy Church ſhall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

Bleſſing GOD *for his Goodneſs to Soul and Body.*

1 BLESS, O my Soul, the living GOD,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my Soul, the GOD of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe:
Why ſhould the Wonders he hath wrought,
Be loſt in Silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my Soul, that ſent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the Ranſom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

4 The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels:
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and ſaves
Our waſting Life from threat'ning Graves.

5 Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He ſatisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

6 He ſees th' Oppreſſor and th' Oppreſt,
And often gives the Suff'rers Reſt;
But will his Juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding Day.

7 [His Pow'r he ſhew'd by Moſes' Hands,
And gave to Iſr'el his Commands;
But ſent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confeſs;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. Second Part. Long Metre.

God's gentle Chaſtiſement: or, *His tender Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

2 Not half ſo high his Pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt Hopes we raiſe.

3 Not half ſo far hath Nature plac'd
The riſing Morning from the Weſt,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.

4 How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies:

And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn?

5 Amidſt his Wrath Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins;
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

6 So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe,
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes;
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty GOD, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.

8 He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

9 But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall endure;
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. Firſt Part. Short Metre.

Praiſe for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O Bleſs the LORD my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Favours are divine.

2 O bleſs the LORD, my Soul!
Nor let his Mercies lie

Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs,
And without Praiſes die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain;
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee Young again.

4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave.

5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Suff'rers Reſt;
The LORD hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

6 His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. Second Part. Short Metre.

Abounding Compaſſion of GOD: or, *Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.*

1 MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 GOD will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,

So far the Riches of his Grace,
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

4 His Pow'r ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

5 The Pity of the LORD
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

6 He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger, like a riſing Wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

7 Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

8 But thy Compaſſions, LORD,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. Third Part. Short Metre.

GOD's *univerſal Dominion:* or, *Angels praiſe the* LORD.

1 THE LORD, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

2 Ye Angels great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the LORD, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches, when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

4 While all his wond'rous Works,
Thro' his vaſt Kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's Glory; thou, my Soul,
Shall ſing his Graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of GOD *in Creation and Providence.*

1 MY Soul, thy great Creator praiſe:
When cloth'd in his celeſtial Rays,
He in full Majeſty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old* 112th *or* 127th *Pſalm, by adding theſe two Lines to every Stanza, namely,*

Great is the LORD; what Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung as the 100th *Pſalm.*

2 The Heav'ns are for his Curtains ſpread,
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed:
Clouds are his Chariot, when he flies
On winged Storms acroſs the Skies.

3 Angels, whom his own Breath inſpires,
His Miniſters, are flaming Fires;
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the Earth again.

5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

6 The ſwelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret Veins,
They ſpring on Hills and drench the Plains.

7 He bids the cryſtal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go;
Tame Heifers there their Thirſt allay,
And for the Stream wild Aſſes bray.

8 From pleaſant Trees which ſhade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink:
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raiſe,
And chide our Silence in his Praiſe.

PAUSE I.

9 GOD from his cloudy Ciſterns pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thouſand joyful Bleſſings yield.

10 He makes the graſſy Food ariſe,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man of various Pow'r,
To nouriſh Nature, or to cure.

11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a ſhining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces ſhine.

12 O bleſs his Name, ye Britons! fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread;

While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately Cedar ſtands,
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring aſk their Meat from GOD;
But when the Morning Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

17 Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:
Sleep is thy Gift, that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

18 How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill!
And ev'ry Land thy Riches fill;
By Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of Thee.

19 Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep,
With wond'rous Motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.

20 There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of ſcaly Monſters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of Man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vaſt are thy Works, Almighty LORD!
All Nature reſts upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures ſtand,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hand.

22 While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their cheerful Looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent Forms.

23 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their Duſt return;
Both Man and Beaſt their Souls reſign;
Life, Breath and Spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canſt breathe on Duſt again,
And fill the World with Beaſts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Waſtes of Time and Death.

25 His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The LORD is dreadful in his Praiſe.

26 The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſov'reign Grace.

27 In Thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet;

Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expires in endleſs Joy.

28 While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my GOD, my heav'nly King,
Immortal Hallelujahs ſing.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

GOD's *Conduct of Iſrael, and the Plagues of Egypt.*

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.

2 His Cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous Ages paſt,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

3 He ſware to Abra'm and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſings ſure;
Gentiles the ancient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

4 "Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,"
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"And Canaan's Land ſhall be their Reſt,
"The Type of heav'nly Joys."

5 [How large the Grant! how rich the Grace!
To give them Canaan's Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

6 Like Pilgrims thro' the Countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
"Shall ſoon revenge the Wrong;
"The Man that does my Prophets harm,
"Shall know their GOD is ſtrong."

8 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear:
Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their GOD,
Moſes was ſent, at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

10 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood;
He turn'd each Lake and ev'ry Stream
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

11 He gave the Sign, and noiſome Flies
Thro' the whole Country ſpread;
And Frogs in croaking Armies riſe
About the Monarch's Bed.

12 Thro' Fields, and Towns, and Palaces,
The ten-fold Vengeance flew;
Locuſts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
And Hail their Cattle ſlew.

13 Then by an Angel's midnight Stroke,
The Flower of Egypt dy'd;
The Strength of every Houſe was broke,
Their Glory and their Pride.

14 Now let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear;

Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground:
Each ſome Egyptian Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The LORD himſelf choſe out their Way,
And mark'd their Journies right;
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

17 They thirſt; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow;
And following ſtill the Courſe they took,
Ran all the Deſert thro'.

18 O wond'rous Stream! O bleſſed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So CHRIST our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderneſs.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand
The choſen Tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Reſt.

20 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
The Church renounce her Fear;
Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. First Part.

Praiſe to GOD: or, *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO GOD the Great, the Ever-bleſt,
Let Songs of Honour be addreſt;

His Mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

2 Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs Praiſe?
Bleſt are the Souls that fear Thee ſtill,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

3 Remember what thy Mercy did
For Jacob's Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.

4 O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, LORD, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. Second Part. ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Iſrael puniſhed and pardoned: or, GOD's *unchangeable Love.*

1 GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did Iſr'el prove
Thy Conſtancy of Grace!

2 They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

3 Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the LORD,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Grones;

Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.

5 Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.

6 Let Iſr'el bleſs the LORD,
Who lov'd their ancient Race;
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn Word
Amen, to all their Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Firſt Part.

Iſrael led to Canaan, and Chriſtians to Heaven.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD; He reigns above:
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;
His Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And Ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the LORD
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Iſr'el, the Nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty Foes.

3 [When GOD's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' Egyptian Yoke,
They trac'd the Deſert, wand'ring round
A wild and ſolitary Ground!

4 There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food, nor Fountain to aſſuage
Their burning Thirſt, or Hunger's Rage.]

5 In their Diſtreſs to GOD they cry'd;
GOD was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right Path to Canaan's Ground.

6 Thus when our firſt Releaſe we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain,
We have this deſert World to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome Place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footſteps leſt we ſtray;
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

8 O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodneſs of the LORD!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Second Part.

Correction for Sin and Releaſe by Prayer.

1 FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
GOD and his Grace are ſtill the ſame;
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with ev'ry Good.

2 But if their Hearts rebel, and riſe
Againſt the GOD that rules the Skies;
If they reject his heav'nly Word,
And ſlight the Counſels of the LORD;

3 He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer ſhall be found:
Laden with Grief they waſte their Breath,
In Darkneſs and the Shades of Death.

4 Then to the LORD, they raiſe their Cries,
He makes the dawning Light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal Shade
That hung ſo heavy round their Head.

5 He cuts the Bars of Braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling Pris'ners thro';

Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the lab'ring Soul Relief.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the LORD!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Third Part.

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned: or, *A Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1 VAIN Man, on fooliſh Pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own Puniſhment;
What Pains, what loathſome Maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe!

2 The Drunkard, feels his Vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his Health to pleaſe his Taſte;
Till all his active Pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting Life draws near the Duſt.

3 The Glutton grones, and lothes to eat:
His Soul abhors delicious Meat;
Nature with heavy Loads oppreſt,
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted Sinners fly
To GOD for Help with earneſt Cry!
He hears their Grones, prolongs their Breath,
And ſaves them from approaching Death.

5 No Med'cine could effect the Cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly Sentence GOD repeals,
He ſends his ſov'reign Word, and heals.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the LORD!

And let their thankful Off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck: or, *The Seaman's Song.*

1 WOULD you behold the Works of GOD,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace,
Th' unknown Regions of the Seas.

2 They leave their native Shores behind,
And ſeize the Favour of the Wind,
Till GOD commands, and Tempeſts riſe,
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

3 Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful Deeps again;
What ſtrange Affrights young Sailors feel
And like a ſtagg'ring Drunkard reel!

4 When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Loſt to all Hope, to GOD they cry:
His Mercy hears their loud Addreſs,
And ſends Salvation in Diſtreſs.

5 He bids the Winds their Wrath aſſuage;
The furious Waves forget their Rage;
'Tis calm; and Sailors ſmile to ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the LORD!
Let them their private Off'rings bring,
And in the Church his Glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. Common Metre.

The Mariners Pſalm.

1 THY Works of Glory, mighty LORD,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps!
The Sons of Courage ſhall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

2 At thy Command the Winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men aſtoniſh'd mount the Skies,
And ſink in gaping Graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the Tempeſt rore,
They pant with flutt'ring Breath;
And hopeleſs of the diſtant Shore,
Expect immediate Death.]

5 Then to the LORD they raiſe their Cries,
He hears their loud Requeſt,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to Reſt.

6 Sailors rejoice to loſe their Fears,
And ſee the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears:
There let their Vows be paid.

7 'Tis GOD that brings them ſafe to Land;
Let ſtupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

8 O that the Sons of Men would praiſe
The Goodneſs of the LORD!

And thoſe who ſee thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record.

PSALM CVII. Laſt Part.

Colonies planted: or, *Nations bleſt and puniſhed.*

A PSALM for *New-England.*

1 WHEN GOD, provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madneſs of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

2 His Word can raiſe the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry Bleſſings from the Skies,
And Harveſts in the Deſert riſe.

3 [Where Nothing dwelt but beaſts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' Oppreſt and Poor repair,
And build them Towns and Cities there.

4 They ſow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly Fruits ſupply their Want:
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increaſes with their Flocks.

5 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in;
A ſavage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barb'rous Hands.

6 Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Deſolation ſpreads the Field.

7 Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;

Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

8 The Righteous, with a joyful Senſe,
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the GOD that Saints adore.

9 How few with pious Care record
Theſe wond'rous Dealings of the LORD?
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The LORD is holy, juſt, and kind.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of CHRIST.

1 GOD of my Mercy and my Praiſe,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners ſpeak againſt thy Grace
With a blaſpheming Tongue.

2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders, falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their Mis'ries his Compaſſion move,
Their Peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cauſe;
Yet with his dying Breath,
He pray'd for Murd'rers on his Croſs,
And bleſs'd his Foes in Death.

5 LORD, ſhall thy bright Example ſhine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine Enemies.

6 The LORD ſhall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name
I ſhall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. First Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST *exalted, and Multitudes converted:* or, *The Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To CHRIST the Son, "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right Hand, till I ſhall make
"Thy Foes ſubmiſſive at thy Feet.

2 "From Zion ſhall thy Word proceed;
"Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
"Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
"And bow their Wills to thy Command.

3 "That Day ſhall ſhew thy Pow'r is great,
"When Saints ſhall flock with willing Minds,
"And Sinners crowd thy Temple Gate,
"Where Holineſs in Beauty ſhines."

4 O bleſſed Pow'r! O glorious Day!
What a large Vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And Converts who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

PSALM CX. Second Part. Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Prieſthood of CHRIST.

1 THUS the great LORD of Earth and Sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
"And change from Hand to Hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his Sons muſt die,
"But everlaſting Life is thine,

" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

3 " By me Melchizedek was made
" On Earth a King and Prieſt at once;
" And Thou, my heav'nly Prieſt, ſhall plead,
" And Thou, my King, ſhalt rule my Sons."

4 JESUS the Prieſt aſcends his Throne,
While Counſels of eternal Peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Succeſs.

5 Thro' the whole Earth his Reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the Pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then ſhall he judge the riſing Dead,
And ſend the guilty World to Hell.

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Suff'rings of that dreadful Day,
Shall but advance him near to GOD.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Kingdom and Prieſthood.*

1 JESUS, our LORD, aſcend thy Throne,
And near thy Father ſit:
In Zion ſhall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit.

2 What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy ſov'reign Grace.

3 GOD hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" When Aaron is no more.

4 " Melchizedek, that wond'rous Prieſt,
" That King of high Degree,
" That holy Man who Abra'm bleſt,
" Was but a Type of Thee."

5 JESUS our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
JESUS our King for ever gives
The Bleſſings of his Love.

6 GOD ſhall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike the Pow'rs and Princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his Reign.

PSALM CXI. Firſt Part.

The Wiſdom of GOD *in his Works.*

1 SONGS of immortal Praiſe belong
To my Almighty GOD;
He has my Heart, and He my Tongue,
To ſpread his Name abroad.

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.

3 How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant ſure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
To endleſs Years endure.

5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim;

What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?

6 To fear thy Pow'r, to truſt thy Grace,
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race
That beſt obeys thy Will.

PSALM CXI. Second Part.

The Perfections of GOD.

1 GREAT is the LORD; his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs:
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

2 Great is the Mercy of the LORD,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his Cov'nant ſure;
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name,
His Ways are juſt and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wiſe,
Muſt with his Fear begin;
Our faireſt Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Pſalm.

The Bleſſings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd;
His Houſe the Seat of Wealth ſhall be,
An inexhauſted Treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

2 His

2 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all Mankind.

3 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd:
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Like a green Root, revives and bears
A Train of Bleſſings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature ſleeps in Duſt.

4 Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
His Conſcience holds his Courage up;
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night,
And ſees in Darkneſs Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill Tidings never can ſurpriſe
His Heart, that fix'd on GOD relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempeſts roar around:
Safe on the Rock he ſits and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt:
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite,
Sink down to everlaſting Night,
And all their Names in Darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THRICE happy Man who fears the LORD,
Loves his Commands and truſts his Word;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Bleſſings to his Seed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his Mind;
To Works of Mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the Poor ſome preſent Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings ſpread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd againſt the Fear,
For GOD with all his Pow'r is there.

4 His Soul well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly Courage from his Word;
Amidſt the Darkneſs Light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his Heart and bleſs his Eyes.

5 He hath diſpers'd his Alms abroad,
His Works are ſtill before his GOD;
His Name on Earth ſhall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality Rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the LORD,
And follows his Commands;
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.

2 As Pity dwells within his Breaſt
To all the Sons of Need;
So GOD ſhall anſwer his Requeſt
With Bleſſings on his Seed.

3 No evil Tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well eſtabliſh'd Mind;
His Soul to GOD his Refuge flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

4 In Times of general Diſtreſs,
Some Beams of Light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the World his Righteouſneſs,
And give him Peace divine.

5 His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the LORD;
Honour on Earth, and Joy above,
Shall be his ſure Reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of GOD.

1 YE that delight to ſerve the LORD,
The Honours of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs:
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confeſs.

2 Nor Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds
Can give his vaſt Dominion Bounds;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatneſs dare
With our eternal GOD compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

3 He bows his glorious Head, to view
What the bright Hoſts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His ſov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

4 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name:
The Mother, with a thankful Voice,
Proclaims his Praiſes and her Joys:
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

GOD *Sovereign and Gracious.*

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſing;
Where'er the Sun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The Nations ſhall his Praiſe repeat.

2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
Stands his high Throne of Majeſty;
Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal Reign.

3 Which of the Sons of Adam dare,
Or Angels, with their GOD compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

4 Behold his Love: He ſtoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condeſcends yet more, to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

5 From Duſt and Cottages obſcure,
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons;
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

6 [A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren Houſe rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety Years were paſt
The promis'd Seed is born at laſt.

7 With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders GOD has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when Senſe deſpairs;
If Nature fails, the Promiſe bears.]

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's Journey.

1 WHEN Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

2 Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled,
With backward Current to his Head.

3 The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Pow'r at hand.

4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire and know th' approaching GOD,
The King of Iſr'el: See him here!
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns:
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the LORD.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true GOD *our Refuge:* or, *Idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to ourſelves, who are but Duſt,
Not to ourſelves is Glory due,
Eternal GOD, thou 'rt only Juſt,
Thou'rt only Gracious, Wiſe and True.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why ſhould a Heathen's haughty Tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our Shame,
Say, "Where's the GOD you've ſerv'd ſo long?"

3 The GOD we ſerve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies;
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

4 But the vain Idols they adore,
Are ſenſeleſs Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At beſt a Maſs of glitt'ring Ore,
A ſilver Saint, or golden God.

5 [With Eyes and Ears, they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are coſtly Off'rings made,
And Vows are ſcatter'd in the Wind.

6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to ſave when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Iſr'el, make the LORD thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Reſt:
The LORD ſhall build thy Ruins up,
And bleſs the People and the Prieſt.

8 The Dead no more can ſpeak thy Praiſe;
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;

But we ſhall live to ſing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to ſave.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre. As the New Tune of the 50th Pſalm.

Popiſh Idolatry reproved.

A Pſalm for the 5th of November.

1 NOT to our Names, Thou only Juſt and True,
Not to our worthleſs Names is Glory due;
Thy Pow'r and Grace, thy Truth and Juſtice claim
Immortal Honours to thy ſov'reign Name.
Shine thro' the Earth from Heav'n thy bleſt Abode
Nor let the Heathen ſay, "And where's your God!"

2 Heav'n is thy higher Court, there ſtands thy [Throne,
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done.
Our God fram'd all this Earth, thoſe Heav'ns he [ſpread,
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made;
The kneeling Croud, with Looks devout behold,
Their Silver-Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.

3 [Vain are thoſe artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither ſees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpleſs, nor their Feet can move;
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Pow'r, [nor Love;
Yet ſottiſh Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveleſs Saints.

4 The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The Poor content with Gods of coarſer Mould,
With Tools of Iron carve the ſenſeleſs Stock,
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Prieſt drive on the ſolemn Trade,
And truſt the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

5 Be Heav'n and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their Gods, or they.
O Iſr'el, truſt the LORD! He hears and ſees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and reſtores thy Peace:
His Worſhip does a thouſand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thy heav'nly Shield.

6 O Britain, truſt the LORD! Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppoſe his Reign;
Had they prevail'd, Darkneſs had clos'd our Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praiſe:
But we are ſav'd and live: Let Songs ariſe,
And Britons bleſs the GOD that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. First Part.

Recovery from Sickneſs.

1 I Love the LORD: he heard my Cries,
And pity'd ev'ry Grone;
Long as I live, when Troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his Throne.

2 I love the LORD: he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more deſpair,
While I have Breath to pray!

3 My Fleſh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead;
While inward Pangs, and Fears of Hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

4 "My GOD, I cry'd, thy Servant ſave,
"Thou ever Good and Juſt;
"Thy Pow'r can reſcue from the Grave,
"Thy Pow'r is all my Truſt."

5 The LORD beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my Pains remove:

Return, my Soul, to GOD, thy Reſt,
For thou haſt known his Love.

6 My GOD has ſav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praiſe I'll ſpend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. Second Part.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church: or, *Public Thanks for private Deliverances.*

1 WHAT ſhall I render to my GOD
For all his Kindneſs ſhown?
My Feet ſhall viſit thine Abode,
My Songs addreſs thy Throne.

2 Among the Saints that fill thine Houſe
My Off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguiſh made.

3 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever bleſſed GOD!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

4 How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou haſt made thy Care,
LORD, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe move;
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bands of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

6 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;

Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to GOD *from all Nations.*

1 O All ye Nations, praiſe the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent Tongue:
In ev'ry Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be ſung.

2 His Mercy reigns thro' ev'ry Land;
Proclaim his Grace abroad;
For ever firm his Truth ſhall ſtand,
Praiſe ye the faithful GOD.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word:
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY Name, Almighty LORD,
Shall ſound thro' diſtant Lands:
Great is thy Grace, and ſure thy Word,
Thy Truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine Honour ſpread,
And long thy Praiſe endure,
Till Morning Light and Ev'ning Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. First Part. ver. 6—15.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE LORD appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
Of what the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords me Aid.

2 'Tis ſafer, LORD, to hope on Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than truſt in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

3 Like Bees my Foes beſet me round,
A large and angry Swarm!
But I ſhall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

4 'Tis thro' the LORD my Heart is ſtrong,
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How cheerful is my Voice!

5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly;
So burning Thorns with crackling Sound,
Make a fierce Blaze and die.

6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The LORD protects their Days;
Let Iſr'el tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. Second Part. ver. 17—21.

Public Praiſe for Deliverance from Death.

1 LORD, thou haſt heard thy Servant cry,
And reſcu'd from the Grave;
Now ſhall he live: (and none can die,
If GOD reſolve to ſave.)

2 Thy Praiſe more conſtant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand that hath chaſtis'd him ſore,
Defends him ſtill from Death.

3 Open the Gates of Zion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The Houſe where all the Righteous go,
Thy Mercy to declare.

4 Amongſt th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raiſe:
There we have told thee our Complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. Third Part. ver. 22, 23.

CHRIST *the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-Stone
Which GOD in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praiſe.

2 Choſen of GOD, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name;
They truſt their whole Salvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer Shame.

3 The fooliſh Builders, Scribe and Prieſt,
Reject it with Diſdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church ſhall reſt,
And Envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the Gates of Hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this Building riſe:
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. Fourth Part. ver. 24—26.

Hoſanna; the Lord's-Day: or, CHRIST's *Reſurrection, and our Salvation.*

1 THIS is the Day the LORD hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround the Throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph ſpread,
And all his Wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O LORD; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

4 Bleſt be the LORD, who comes to Men
With Meſſages of Grace;
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To ſave our ſinful Race.

5 Hoſanna in the higheſt Strains
The Church on Earth can raiſe;
The higheſt Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22—27. Short Metre.

An Hoſanna for the Lord's Day: or, *A New Song of Salvation by* CHRIST

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuſe;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In ſpite of envious Jews,

2 The Scribe and angry Prieſt,
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock ſhall Zion reſt,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

3 The Work, O LORD, is thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes;
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did JESUS riſe.

4 This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray;
Let all the Church be glad.

5 Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal Blood;
Bleſs him, ye Saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your GOD.

6 We bleſs thine holy Word
Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar, LORD,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

An Hoſanna for the Lord's Day: or, *A new Song of Salvation by* CHRIST.

1 LO! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The Jewiſh Builders did refuſe;
But GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In ſpite of Envy, and the Jews.

2 Great GOD! the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad:
Hoſanna; let his Name be bleſt;
A thouſand Honours on his Head,
With Peace, and Light, and Glory reſt!

4 In GOD's own Name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the Verſes are much tranſpoſed to attain ſome degree of Connection.*

In ſome places, among the Words Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament, and the common Language of Chriſtians, and it equally anſwers the Deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. First Part.

The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and Miſery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

2 Bleſt are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practiſe thy Commands:
With their whole Heart they ſeek the LORD,
And ſerve thee with their Hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their ſteady Feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

4 Then ſhall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty Sinners GOD will hate;
The Proud ſhall die accurſt;
The Sons of Falſhood and Deceit
Are troden to the Duſt.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the Droſs the Wicked are;
And thoſe that leave thy Ways
Shall ſee Salvation from afar,
But never taſte thy Grace.

PSALM CXIX. Second Part.

Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedneſs: or, *Conſtant Converſe with* GOD.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious GOD, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

Ver. 81.

2 My Spirit faints to ſee thy Grace;
Thy Promiſe bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word ſupports my Hope.

Vers 164.

3 Sev'n Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;

Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praiſe from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When Midnight-Darkneſs veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion riſe,
And ſweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part.

Profeſſions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my GOD;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haſte t' obey thy Word,
And ſuffers no Delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chooſe the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

3 The Teſtimonies of thy Grace,
I ſet before my Eyes:
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways;
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning Grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy Servant, LORD;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My Hope is in thy Word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou haſt inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil:

And thus till mortal Life ſhall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part.

Inſtruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW ſhall the Young ſecure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts,
To keep the Conſcience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find,
And raiſe their Thoughts to GOD.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the Sinner's Road:
I hate my own vain Thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my GOD.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The ſtarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place:
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day,
Thy Skill and Pow'r expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, LORD,
Have Leſſons more divine:
Nor Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy Word is everlaſting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
Thy holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part.

Delight in Scripture: or, *The Word of* GOD *dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1 O How I love thy holy Law!
'Tis daily my Delight:
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day,
To meditate thy Word:
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Goſpel, LORD.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tireſome Pilgrimage,
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

Ver. 19. 103.

4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home:
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taſte.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No Treaſures ſo enrich the Mind;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choiceſt Gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When Nature ſinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part.

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight,
With ev'ry flatt'ring Luſt.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy Precepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How ſweet thy Comforts be!"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill
At ſome good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. Seventh Part.

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. paraphras'd

1 LET all the Heathen Writers join
To form one perfect Book,
Great GOD, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look!

2 Not the moſt perfect Rules they gave
Could ſhew one Sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave;
But thine conduct to Heav'n.

3 I've ſeen an End to what we call
Perfection here below:
How ſhort the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet Men would fain be juſt with GOD,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

5 In vain we boaſt Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And ſinks our Virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the Name.

6 Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the LORD.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth Part.

The Word of GOD *is the Saint's Portion:* or, *The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. 111. paraphras'd.

1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My laſting Heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt Thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the Hiſt'ries of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in ſight,
While thro' thy Promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh Delight.

3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal Bliſs are ſown,
And hidden Glory lies.

4 The beſt Relief that Mourners have;
It makes our Sorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Reſt.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth Part.

Deſire of Knowledge: or, *The Teachings of the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O LORD,
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And ſee thy Wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My Heart was faſhion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy due;
O make thy Servant underſtand
The Duties he muſt do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant Guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confeſs'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'ſt my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If GOD to me his Statutes ſhew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,

His Work for ever I'll purſue,
His Law ſhall rule my Heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law;
Nor let that bleſſed Goſpel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways:
My thankful Lips, inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. Tenth Part.

Pleading the Promiſes.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEhold thy waiting Servant, LORD,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.

Ver. 133, 42.

3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up!
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didſt Thou not raiſe my Faith, O LORD?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh Part.

Breathing after Holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O That the LORD would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would grant me Grace,
To know and do his Will!

Ver. 29.

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heat ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, LORD,
But keep my Conſcience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My Soul hath gone too far aſtray;
My Feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

PSALM

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth Part.

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, conſider my Diſtreſs,
Let Mercy plead my Cauſe;
Though I have ſinn'd againſt thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the ſharp Reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a Surety, LORD, for me;
Nor let the Proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting Servant ſee
The Shinings of thy Face.

Ver. 82.

4 My Eyes with Expectation fail;
My Heart within me cries,
"When will the LORD his Truth fulfil,
"And make my Comforts riſe?"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my Sorrows, LORD,
And ſhew thy Grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth Part.

Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole Heart I've ſought thy Face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way!

Ver. 11.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting Guard
From ev'ry riſing Sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the LORD:
My Sorrows riſe, my Nature faints,
When Men tranſgreſs thy Word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While Sinners do thy Goſpel wrong,
My Spirit ſtands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My Heart with ſacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word;
My Fleſh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the LORD.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My GOD, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation ſtill;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourteenth Part.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my Sorrows, LORD,
And thy Deliv'rance ſend;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;

Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my GOD.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Diſtreſs begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppreſt with Sorrow's Weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy Judgments, LORD, are right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere:
The ſharpeſt Suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth Part.

Holy Reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O That thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy Precepts, LORD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Soul ſhall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart diſcharge
From Sin and Satan's hateful Chains,
And ſet my Feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My Lips with Courage ſhall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll ſpeak thy Word, tho' Kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful Shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let Bands of Perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whoſe Hands and Hearts are ill;
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And muſt obey his Will.

PSALM CXIX. Sixteenth Part.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt;
LORD, give me Life divine!
From vain Deſires, and ev'ry Luſt,
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine

2 I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

Ver. 107.

3 When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful GOD?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face;
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move,
Without enliv'ning Grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r,
To draw me near the LORD.

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth Part.

Courage and Perſeverance under Perſecution: or, *Grace ſhining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN Pain and Anguiſh ſeize me, LORD,
All my Support is from thy Word;
My Soul diſſolves for Heavineſs,
Uphold me with thy ſtrength'ning Grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lies,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin;
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.

Ver 161, 78.

3 They hate me, LORD, without a Cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy Laws;
But I will truſt and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM CXIX. Last Part.

Sanctified Afflictions: or, *Delight in the Word of* GOD.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing Rod,
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to GOD!

2 Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, LORD;
I left my Guide, and loſt my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth,
Shall raiſe my cheerful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the South,
Or Weſtern Hills of golden Ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
And guard me ſafe from Death and Sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the LORD,
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelſome Neighbours: or, *A devout Wiſh for Peace.*

1 THOU GOD of Love, thou Ever-bleſt,
Pity my ſuff'ring State;

When wilt thou ſet my Soul at Reſt
From Lips that love Deceit?

2 Hard Lot of mine! my Days are caſt
Among the Sons of Strife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing Brawlings waſte
My golden Hours of Life.

3 O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I chooſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome Wilderneſs,
And leave theſe Gates of Hell!

4 Peace is the Bleſſing that I ſeek;
How lovely are its Charms!
I am for Peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for Arms.

5 New Paſſions ſtill their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

6 Should burning Arrows ſmite thee thro',
Strict Juſtice would approve:
But I had rather ſpare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

1 UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlaſting GOD,
That built the World, that ſpread the Flood;
The Heav'ns with all their Hoſt he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

3 He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning-Smiles bleſs all the Day:
He ſpreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The ſilent Hours while Iſr'el ſleeps.

4 Iſr'el, a Name divinely bleſt;
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surpriſe.

5 No Sun ſhall ſmite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with ſickly Ray
Shall blaſt thy Couch! no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire from far.

6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return,
Safe in the LORD! his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

7 On thee foul Spirits have no Pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing Hour,
Angels that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy GOD.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by Day and Night.

1 TO Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid;
The LORD, who built the Earth and Skies,
Is my perpetual Aid.

2 Their Feet ſhall never ſlide or fall,
Whom He deſigns to keep;
His Ear attends the ſofteſt Call;
His Eyes can never ſleep.

3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt Pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm,

And watch our moſt unguarded Hours
Againſt ſurpriſing Harm.

4 Iſr'el rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy Keeper is the LORD;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Pow'r
For thine eternal Guard.

5 Nor ſcorching Sun, nor ſickly Moon,
Shall have his Leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blaſting Damps at Night.

6 He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickeſt Dangers come:
Go and return, ſecure from Death,
Till GOD commands thee Home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Pſalm.

GOD *our Preſerver.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine Eyes;
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
GOD is the Tow'r
To which I fly:
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2 My Feet ſhall never ſlide,
Or fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears.
Thoſe wakeful Eyes
That never ſleep,
Shall Iſr'el keep,
When Dangers riſe.

3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Ev'ning Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my LORD
To keep my mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn Day!"

2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for GOD,
To shew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.

4 He hears our Praises and Complaints!
And while his awful Voice

Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this ſacred Place,
And Joy a conſtant Gueſt!
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants bleſt!

6 My Soul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my beſt Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I
To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us ſeek our GOD to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful Zeal,
We haſte to Zion's Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy Place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred Goſpel's joyful Sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal Throne,
He ſits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner ſad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,

To bleſs the Soul of ev'ry Gueſt;
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Increaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My Tongue repeat her Vows,
"Peace to this ſacred Houſe!"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And ſince my glorious GOD
Makes thee his bleſt Abode,
My Soul ſhall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth Stanza, to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submiſſion.

1 O Thou whoſe Grace and Juſtice reign,
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Maſter's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke!
Or Maids before their Miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful Look:

3 So for our Sins we juſtly feel
Thy Diſcipline, O GOD;
Yet wait the gracious Moment ſtill,
Till thou remove thy Rod.

4 Thoſe that in Wealth and Pleaſure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Freſh Courage to their Pride.

5 Our Foes inſult us, but our Hope
In thy Compaſſion lies;
This Thought ſhall bear our Spirits up,
That GOD will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the fifth of November.

1 HAD not the LORD, may Iſr'el ſay,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our Side,
When Men to make our Lives a Prey
Roſe like the Swelling of the Tide:

2 The ſwelling Tide had ſtopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

3 We leap for Joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal Stroke:
So flies the Bird with cheerful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

4 For ever bleſſed be the LORD,
Who broke the Fowler's curſed Snare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care!

5 Our Help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who form'd the Earth and built the Skies,
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the ſacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul ſhall reſt
That leans, O LORD, on Thee.

2 Not Walls nor Hills, could guard ſo well
Old Salem's happy Ground,
As thoſe eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint ſurround.

3 While Tyrants are a ſmarting Scourge
To drive them near to GOD,
Divine Compaſſion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

4 Deal gently, LORD, with Souls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on,
To the bright Gates of Paradiſe,
Where CHRIST their LORD is gone.

5 But if we trace thoſe crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him firſt to Hell,
Shall ſmite his Follow'rs too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety: or, *Moderated Afflictions.*

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their Souls on GOD;
Firm as the Mount where David dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

2 As Mountains ſtood to guard
The City's ſacred Ground,
So GOD, and his Almighty Love,
Embrace his Saints around.

3 What tho' a Father's Rod
Drop a chaſtiſing Stroke,
Yet, leſt it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury ſhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, LORD, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

5 Nor ſhall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppreſs the Saint;
The GOD of Iſr'el will ſupport
His Children, leſt they faint.

6 But if our ſlaviſh Fear
Will chooſe the Road to Hell,
We muſt expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surpriſing Deliverance.

1 WHEN GOD reſtor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes ſo great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleaſure ſhout thy Praiſe,
With cheerful Notes thy Love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our diſmal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they vaniſh'd ſo;
With GOD we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

4 The Man that in his furrow'd Field,
His ſcatter'd Seed with Sadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the Harveſt yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Converſion: or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN GOD reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing Dream,
The Grace appear'd ſo great.

2 The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurpriſing Grace;

3 "Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r divine;
"Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd,
"And be the Glory thine."

4 The LORD can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

5 Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings Home.

6 Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of GOD *on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.*

1 IF GOD ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt;
If GOD the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

2 What tho' you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt:
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If GOD our Sov'reign make them ſo.

4 Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove,
When thy are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1 IF GOD to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An uſeleſs Watch maintain;

2 Before the Morning Beams ariſe,
Your painful Work renew,
And, till the Stars aſcend the Skies,
Your tireſome Toil purſue;

3 Short be your Sleep, and coarſe your Fare;
In vain, till GOD has bleſt;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You ſhall have Food and Reſt.

4 Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Bleſſings.

1 O Happy Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and rev'rend Awe!
His Lips to GOD their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the LORD.

4 The LORD ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The LORD, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings Home.

5 This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

1 UP from my Youth, may Iſr'el ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conſtant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper Age,
But not deſtroy'd my Life.

3 Their cruel Plough had torn my Fleſh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afreſh,
Nor let my Sorrows ſleep.

4 The LORD grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye

Meaſur'd the Miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

5 How was their Inſolence ſurpris'd
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of Zion ſeiz'd
With Horror to the Soul!

6 Thus ſhall the Men that hate the Saints,
Be blaſted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

7 [What tho' they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth ſhall periſh in Deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in Death.]

8 [So Corn that on the Houſe-top ſtands,
No Hope of Harveſt gives;
The Reaper ne'er ſhall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves:

9 It ſprings and withers on the Place;
No Traveller beſtows
A Word of Bleſſing on the Graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 OUT of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

2 Great GOD! ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are Pardons with my GOD
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

4 [I wait for thy Salvation, LORD,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

5 [Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:

6 So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Op'nings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

7 [Then in the LORD let Iſr'el truſt,
Let Iſr'el ſeek his Face;
The LORD is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous in his Grace.

8 There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Iſr'el ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep Diſtreſs and troubled Thoughts,
To Thee, my GOD, I rais'd my Cries!
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

2 But thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,

That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long, and wiſh for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my GOD his Face diſplay?

4 My Truſt is fix'd upon thy Word
Nor ſhall I truſt thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls addreſs the LORD,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

5 Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submiſſion.

1 IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious GOD, and ſee;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
LORD, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my Thoughts, Be humble ſtill,
And all my Carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church: or, *The Ordination of a Miniſter.*

1 WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek, and find
An Habitation for our GOD,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongſt the Sons of Fleſh and Blood?

2 The GOD of Jacob choſe the Hill
Of Zion for his ancient Reſt;
And Zion is his Dwelling ſtill,
His Church is with his Preſence bleſt.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
"And reign for ever," ſaith the LORD;
"Here ſhall my Pow'r and Love be known,
"And Bleſſings ſhall attend my Word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
"And fill their Souls with living Bread:
"Sinners that wait before my Door,
"With ſweet Proviſion ſhall be fed.

5 "Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
"My Prieſts, my Miniſters ſhall ſhine;
"Not Aaron in his coſtly Dreſs
"Made an Appearance ſo divine.

6 "The Saints, unable to contain
"Their inward Joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
"The Son of David here ſhall reign,
"And Zion triumph in her King.

7 ["JESUS ſhall ſee a num'rous Seed
"Born here t' uphold his glorious Name;
"His Crown ſhall flouriſh on his Head,
"While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame."]

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Com. Metre.

A Church eſtabliſhed.

1 [NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the LORD.

2 The LORD in Zion plac'd his Name,
His Ark was ſettled there:
To Zion the whole Nation came
To worſhip thrice a Year.

3 But we have no ſuch Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy Saints aſſemble now,
There is a Houſe for GOD.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt!
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

6 Here, mighty GOD! accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread;

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let GOD's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren, whoſe cheerful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

2 When Streams of Love from CHRIST the Spring
Deſcend to ev'ry Soul,
And heav'nly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the Whole:

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely ſweet
On Aaron's rev'rend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on Zion's Hill,
Where GOD his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints: or, *Love and Worſhip in a Family.*

1 BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whoſe Hearts and Hopes are one,
Whoſe kind Deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Thro' all their Actions run.

2 Bleſt is the pious Houſe
Where Zeal and Friendſhip meet,
Their Songs of Praiſe, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion ſweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment ſpread,
And Pleaſure fill'd the Room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly Hills
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d Pſalm.

The Bleſſing of Friendſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Stations move,
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathiſing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

2 'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet:
The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

3 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew diſtils.

Repeat the firſt Stanza to complete the Tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey th' Immortal King,
Attend his holy Place;

Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.

2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And ſend your Souls on high:
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.

3 The GOD of Zion cheers our Hearts,
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;
The GOD that ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21. First Part.

Long Metre.

The Church is GOD's *Houſe and Care.*

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait;
Ye Saints, that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

2 Praiſe ye the LORD; the LORD is good:
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ;
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

3 The LORD himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he ſends.

4 Thro' ev'ry Age the LORD declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod:
He gives his ſuff'ring Servants Reſt,
And will be known, Th' ALMIGHTY GOD.

5 Bleſs ye the LORD, who taſte his Love;
People and Prieſts exalt his Name:

Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells:
His Church is his Jeruſalem.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5—12. Second Part.

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, and Deſtruction of Enemies.

1 GREAT is the LORD, exalted high
Above all Pow'rs, and ev'ry Throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in Earth or Sea,
Or Heav'n, or Hell, his Hand hath done.

2 At his Command the Vapours riſe,
The Lightnings flaſh, the Thunders rore;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempeſt from his airy Store.

3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful Tokens ſent,
O Egypt, thro' thy ſtubborn Land;
When all thy Firſt-born, Beaſts and Men,
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

4 What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He ſlew, and their whole Country gave
To Iſr'el, whom his Hand redeem'd
No more to be proud Pharaoh's Slave?

5 His Pow'r the ſame, the ſame his Grace,
That ſaves us from the Hoſts of Hell:
And Heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate Angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to GOD, *not to Idols.*

1 AWAKE, ye Saints, to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure while you ſing
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

2 Great is the LORD; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ;
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

3 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe:
Lightning and Storm at his Command,
Sweep thro' the ſounding Skies.

4 All Pow'r, that Gods or Kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But Heathen Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 Which of the Stocks or Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

6 [Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave:
Their Feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor Hands have Pow'r to ſave.

7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O Britain, know the living GOD,
Serve him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, and Salvation of his People.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD the ſov'reign LORD
His Mercies ſtill endure;

And be the King of Kings ador'd,
His Truth is ever ſure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wiſdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his Command!

3 The Sun ſupplies the Day with Light;
How bright his Counſels ſhine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all divine.

4 [He ſtruck the Sons of Egypt dead:
How dreadful is his Rod!
And thence with Joy his People led:
How gracious is our GOD!

5 He cleft the ſwelling Sea in two;
His Arm is great in Might;
And gave the Tribes a Paſſage thro';
His Pow'r and Grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's Army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his Ways!
And brought his Saints thro' deſert Ground;
Eternal be his Praiſe.

7 Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand;
Victorious is his Sword;
While Iſr'el took the promis'd Land:
And faithful is his Word.]

8 He ſaw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move;
How ſad the State the World was in!
How boundleſs was his Love!

9 He ſent to ſave us from our Woe;
His Goodneſs never fails;

From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe;
And ſtill his Grace prevails.

10 Give Thanks to GOD the heav'nly King;
His Mercies ſtill endure.
Let the whole Earth his Praiſes ſing:
His Truth is ever ſure.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Pſalm.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD moſt High,
Th' univerſal LORD;
The ſov'reign King of Kings:
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

2 How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure:
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

3 His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun,
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars,
To cheer the darkſome Night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

4 [He ſmote the firſt-born Sons,
The Flow'r of Egypt, dead;
And thence his choſen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

5 His Pow'r and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-ſea in two,
And for his People made
A wond'rous Paſſage thro'.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his Hoſt he drown'd;
And brought his Iſr'el ſafe
Thro' a long deſert Ground.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PAUSE.

7 The Kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand:
While his own Servants took
Poſſeſſion of their Land.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.]

8 He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

9 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

10 Give Thanks aloud to GOD,
To GOD the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Glories ſing.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal Praiſe!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the LORD of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

3 He built the Earth, he ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace, to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

4 He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Sun and Moon ſhall ſhine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

6 He ſaw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and Sin ſhall reign no more.

7 He ſent his Son with Pow'r to ſave
From Guilt, and Darkneſs, and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

8 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and preſerving Grace.

1 [WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my Song:
Angels ſhall hear the Notes I raiſe,
Approve the Song, and join the Praiſe.

Angels that make thy Church their Care,
Shall witneſs my Devotion there,

While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

3 I'll ſing thy Truth and Mercy, LORD;
I'll ſing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below,
So much thy Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

4 To GOD I cry'd when Troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my Foes;
He did my riſing Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

5 The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and ſcorns the Great;
But from his Throne deſcends to ſee
The Sons of humble Poverty.

6 Amidſt a thouſand Snares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To ſave from Sorrows or from Sins:
The Work that Wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The All-ſeeing GOD.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My riſing and my reſting Hours,
My Heart and Fleſh, with all their Pow'rs.

2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD diſtinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning Lips they break.

3 Within thy circling Pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with GOD.

4 Amazing Knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs Proſpect loſt.

5 "O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
"Conſent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where, LORD, could I thy Preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

7 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Veng'ance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy Chains.

8 If, mounted on a Morning Ray,
I fly beyond the Weſtern Sea,
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

10 "O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!

" Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
" Conſent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy All-ſearching Eyes;
Thy Hand can ſeize thy Foes as ſoon
Thro' Midnight-ſhades, as blazing Noon.

12 Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great GOD, they're both alike to Thee;
Not Death can hide what GOD will ſpy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

13 " O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
" Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
" Conſent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders ſhine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

2 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark Confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

3 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign Counſels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

4 At laſt, to ſhew my Maker's Name,
GOD ſtamp'd his Image on my Frame,

And in ſome unknown Moment join'd
The finiſh'd Members to the Mind.

5 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Paſſions of the Man:
Great GOD, our Infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praiſe!

PAUSE.

6 LORD, ſince in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's buſy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

7 I could ſurvey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my ſwifteſt Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

8 Theſe on my Heart are ſtill impreſt,
With theſe I give my Eyes to reſt,
And at my waking Hour I find
GOD and his Love poſſeſs my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Part. Long Metre.

Sincerity profeſſed, and Grace tried: or, *The Heart-ſearching* GOD.

1 MY GOD, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men tranſgreſs thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

2 Does not my Soul deteſt and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

3 LORD, ſearch my Soul, try ev'ry Thought;
Tho' my own Heart accuſe me not

Of walking in a falſe Diſguiſe,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

4 Doth ſecret Miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way!

PSALM CXXXIX. Firſt Part. Common Metre.

GOD *is every where.*

1 IN all my vaſt Concerns with Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To ſhun thy Preſence, LORD, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt,
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

3 My Thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry Side.

5 So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

PAUSE.

6 LORD, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

7 Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

8 If, wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,
I fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Wou'd ſoon betray my Reſt.

9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Wiſdom of GOD *in the Formation of Man.*

1 WHEN I with pleaſing Wonder ſtand,
And all my Frame ſurvey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

2 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poſſeſt,
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wiſdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

3 Thine Eye with niceſt Care ſurvey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy Art.

4 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
But I review myſelf and find
Diviner Wonders ſtill.

5 Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
LORD, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. Third Part.

Common Metre.

The Mercies of GOD *innumerable.*

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surpriſe;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.

2 My Fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill;
And hourly Bleſſings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

3 Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep,
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2—5.

Watchfulneſs and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Pſalm.

1 MY GOD, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning Incenſe in thine Houſe;
And let my Nightly Worſhip riſe,
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

3 O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite, and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my Head.

4 When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

GOD *is the Hope of the Helpleſs.*

1 TO GOD I made my Sorrows known,
From GOD I ſought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My GOD, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

3 On ev'ry Side, I caſt mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone;
While Friends and Strangers paſs'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raiſe a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near:
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here."

5 LORD, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,

And make my Foes who vex me know,
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my ſad Priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy Name;
And holy Men ſhall join with me,
Thy Kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious GOD!
Hear when I ſpread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne;
O make thy Truth and Mercy known!

2 Let Judgment not againſt me paſs;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Juſtice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltleſs there.

3 Look down in Pity, LORD, and ſee
The mighty Woes that burden me:
Down to the Duſt my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in Darkneſs and unſeen;
My Heart is deſolate within:
My Thoughts in muſing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.

5 Thence I derive a Glimpſe of Hope,
To bear my ſinking Spirits up;
I ſtretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirſt like parched Lands for Rain.

6 For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy ſmiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove,
And GOD for ever hide his Love?

7 My God, thy long Delay to ſave,
Will ſink thy Pris'ner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye;
Make haſte to help before I die.

8 The Night is witneſs to my Tears,
Diſtreſſing Pains, diſtreſſing Fears;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my weary'd Pow'rs rejoice!

9 In Thee I truſt, to Thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on High;
For Thee ſit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tireſome Hours away.

10 Break off my Fetters, Lord, and ſhow
Which is the Path my Feet ſhould go;
If Snares and Foes beſet the Road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

12 Then ſhall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And Fleſh that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. First Part. ver. 1, 2.

Aſſiſtance and Victory in the ſpiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He ſends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,

Inſtructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

3 A Friend and Helper ſo divine,
Does my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the Praiſe.

PSALM CXLIV. Second Part. ver. 3—6.

The Vanity of Man and Condeſcenſion of GOD.

1 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man!
Born of the Earth at firſt!
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still haſt'ning to the Duſt.

2 O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race!
That GOD ſhould make it his Concern
To viſit him with Grace!

3 That GOD, who darts his Lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wond'rous is his Love!

PSALM CXLIV. Third Part. ver. 12—15.

Grace above Riches: or, *The happy Nation.*

1 HAPPY the City, where their Sons,
Like Pillars round a Palace ſet,
And Daughters, bright as poliſh'd Stones,
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle, and Corn have large Increaſe;
Where Men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break their Peace.

Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſt are thoſe

On whom the All-ſufficient GOD,
Himſelf with all his Grace beſtows.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

The Greatneſs of GOD.

1 MY GOD, my King, thy various Praiſe
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue,
Till Death and Glory raiſe the Song.

2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour ſhall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And ev'ry ſetting Sun ſhall ſee
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

3 Thy Truth and Juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endleſs Stream:
Thy Mercy ſwift, thine Anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn Foe.

4 Thy Works with ſov'reign Glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy Majeſty divine;
Let Britain round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

5 Let diſtant Times and Nations raiſe
The long Succeſſion of thy Praiſe:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue

6 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous Deeds?
Thy Greatneſs all our Thoughts exceeds:
Vaſt and unſearchable thy Ways!
Vaſt and immortal be thy Praiſe!

PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 11—13. First Part.

The Greatneſs of GOD.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,
My King, my GOD of Love;

My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame,
In the bright World above.

2 Great is the LORD, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praiſe be great:
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

3 Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my ſacred Song
Shall join their cheerful Voice.

4 Fathers to Sons ſhall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations ſound thy Praiſe.

5 Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date,
Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State,
With public Splendor ſhown.

6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom ſtands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. Second Part. ver. 7, &c.

The Goodneſs of GOD.

1 SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King!
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In Sounds of Glory ſing.

2 GOD reigns on High, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry Want ſupplies.

3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food.
Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

4 How kind are thy Compaſſions, LORD!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning Word,
To cheer the Souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praiſe proclaim;
But Saints that taſte thy richer Grace,
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. Third Part.

Mercy to Sufferers: or, GOD *hearing Prayer.*

1 LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign LORD of all:
Thy ſtrength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raiſe the Poor that fall.

2 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down;
Or Virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud Oppreſſor's Frown,
Thou giv'ſt the Mourners Reſt.

3 The LORD ſupports our tott'ring Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and Juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

4 He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

5 His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;

He ſaves the Souls whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

6 [His ſtubborn Foes his Sword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that ſerve the LORD ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his Aid in vain."]

7 [My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad:
Let all the Sons of Adam raiſe
The Honours of their GOD.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD *for his Goodneſs and Truth.*

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, my Heart ſhall join
In Work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the Fleſh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to GOD.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour.

4 Happy the Man, whoſe Hopes rely
On Iſr'el's GOD; He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train;
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

5 His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.

6 The

6 The LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The LORD ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He helps the Sinner in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.

7 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy GOD, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the cxiiith Pſalm.

Praiſe to GOD for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt:
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour;
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

3 Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On Iſr'el's GOD: He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train;
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor;
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

4 The LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The LORD ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace;
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.

5 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy GOD, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

6 I'll praiſe him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1 PRaiſe ye the LORD: 'Tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

2 The LORD builds up Jeruſalem,
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His Mercy melts the ſtubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

3 He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames;
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our LORD, and great his Might;
And all his Glories infinite.
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the LORD, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

6 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn:
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

7 What is the Creature's Skill or Force?
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.

8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight:
He views his Children with Delight:
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks, and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second Part.

Summer and Winter.

A Song for great Britain.

1 O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bids the Ocean round thee flow;
Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest;
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter Rains:
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.

4 With hoary Frost he strews the Ground;
His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound;
Where is the Man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

5 He bids the Southern Breezes blow:
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow:
But he hath nobler Works and Ways,
To call the Britons to his Praise.

6 To all the Isle his Laws are shown;
His Gospel through the Nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land: Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9, 13—18. Common Metre.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 WITH Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Address the LORD on high;
Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.

2 He sends his Show'rs of Blessings down
To cheer the Plains below;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat;
He hears the Raven's Cry:
But Man who tastes his finest Wheat,
Should raise his Honours high.

4 His steady Counsels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut short his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

5 His hoary Frost, his fleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the ratt'ling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his GOD defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.

7 He sends his Word, and melts the Snow;
The Fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word:
With Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Creatures.

1 YE Tribes of Adam join
With Heav'n and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praiſe.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe,
With Stars of twinkling Light.
His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

3 The ſhining Worlds above
In glorious Order ſtand,
Or in ſwift Courſes move
By his ſupreme Command.
He ſpake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praiſe the LORD.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages paſt:
And each his Word fulfils
While Time and Nature laſt.

In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim
His wond'rous Name,
And ſpeak his Praiſe.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the Earth-born Race,
And Monſters of the Deep,
The Fiſh that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Boſom ſleep,
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's Pow'r.

6 Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty LORD,
And ſtormy Winds that blow,
To execute his Word.
When Lightnings ſhine,
Or Thunders rore,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

7 Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies, and Worms,
In various Forms,
Exalt his Name.

8 Ye Kings and Judges, fear
The LORD, the ſov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly Honours ſing.
Nor let the Dream
Of Pow'r and State,
Make you forget
His Pow'r ſupreme.

9 Virgins and Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſe divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His Name be ſung
By ev'ry Tongue
In endleſs Strains.

10 Let all the Nations fear
The GOD that rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love.
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphraſed. Long Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe to GOD.

1 LOUD Hallelujahs to the LORD,
From diſtant Worlds where Creatures dwell,
Let Heav'n begin the ſolemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old* cxiiith *or* cxxviith *Pſalm, if theſe two Lines be added to every Stanza*, namely,

Each of his Works his Name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his Praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual Tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The LORD! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in heav'nly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrors be.

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs!
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare;
And the ſweet Whiſper of his Name
Fill ev'ry gentler Breeze of Air.

5 Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree,
To join their Praiſe with blazing Fire:
Let the firm Earth, and rolling Sea,
In this eternal Song conſpire.

6 Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill;
Vallies lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praiſe from ev'ry Hill,
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring Sky.

7 Ye ſtubborn Oaks and ſtately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:
Praiſe him, ye Beaſts, in diff'rent Strains;
The Lamb muſt bleat, the Lion rore.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his Praiſe your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you;
While the dumb Fiſh that cut the Stream,
Leap up and mean his Praiſes too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings!

10 Wide as his vaſt Dominion lies,
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder, ſhout his Praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his Throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious Word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry Tongue!
But Saints who beſt have known the LORD,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt Song.

12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry Chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud Hallelujahs to the LORD!

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

1 LET ev'ry Creature join
To praiſe th' eternal GOD;
Ye heav'nly Hoſts, the Song begin,
And ſound his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye ſtarry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

3 He built thoſe Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame;
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in Show'rs, or Snow,
Ye Thunders, murm'ring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

5 Wind, Hail, and flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the LORD,
When ye in dreadful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints that taſte his ſaving Love,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PAUSE I.

7 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praiſe;

Praiſe him, ye wat'ry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

8 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

9 Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praiſe.

10 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praiſes bear!
Or ſit on flow'ry Boughs and ſing
Your Maker's Glory there.

11 Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wiſdom ſhow,
And Flies in all your ſhining Swarms,
Praiſe him that dreſs'd you ſo.

12 By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expreſt,
But Saints that know his heav'nly Grace,
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide Command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that ſov'reign Hand
Whence all your Honours ſpring.

14 Let vig'rous Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſes high;
While growing Babes, and with'ring Age,
Their feebler Voices try.

15 United Zeal be ſhown
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe;
GOD is the LORD: His Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

16 Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him bleſt:
But Saints that dwell ſo near his Heart,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praiſe GOD, all his Saints: or, *The Saints judging the World.*

1 ALL ye that love the LORD rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidſt the Church with cheerful Voice
His later Wonders ſhew.

2 The Jews, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing:
And Gentile Nations join the Praiſe,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The LORD takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn;
The Meek that lie deſpis'd in Duſt
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4 Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying Bed:
And like the Souls in Glory ſing;
For GOD ſhall raiſe the Dead.

5 Then his high Praiſe ſhall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands ſhall wield the Sword:
And Veng'ance ſhall attend their Songs,
The Veng'ance of the LORD.

6 When CHRIST the Judgment-ſeat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then ſhall they rule with Iron Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their GOD
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

8 The royal Sinners bound in Chains,
New Triumphs ſhall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praiſe ye, and love the LORD.

PSALM CL. ver. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praiſe.

1 IN GOD's own Houſe pronounce his Praiſe,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raiſe,
For there his Glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love,
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have Motion, Life, and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The Chriſtian DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
And GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET GOD the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the LORD.

Common Metre. *Where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

I.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death;
Who ſaves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

II.

To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the cxiiith *Pſalm.*

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
Thro' all the Worlds where God is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

As the cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

TO God the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit Praiſe;
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

An INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular Subjects or Occasions.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm, may easily be found by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same Signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

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